Literary Rambles

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LITERARY RAMBLES AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY DR. WOLFE

A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE
Among the Haunts of Famous British Authors

LITERARY SHRINES
The Haunts of Some Famous American Authors

LITERARY HAUNTS AND HOMES
American Authors

LITERARY RAMBLES
At Home and Abroad

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LITERARY RAMBLES

AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY THEODORE F. WOLFE
M.D. PH.D.

AUTHOR OF A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE, LITERARY SHRINES, LITERARY HAUNTS AND HOMES ETC.

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Theodore F. Wolfe.

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PREFACE

LIKE its predecessors, this volume is complete in itself; nevertheless I am desirous that it should be appraised in connection with the preceding volumes, to which it is related. The first five chapters herein presented extend the list of American authors whose homes and resorts are sketched in the books "Literary Shrines" and "Literary Haunts and Homes"; the later chapters add to the succession of popular British authors the scenes of whose lives and works are treated of in "A Literary Pilgrimage."

Like its predecessors, too, the materials for this volume have been derived from repeated or prolonged sojourns in the localities described, and from personal intercourse and correspondence with many of the authors mentioned or with their surviving families and friends.

Most of these chapters were written beside the dying-bed of my wife, my sympathetic and appreciative companion in the rambles upon which this and the earlier volumes—dedicated to her—are founded: the final chapter was completed bv her grave.

T. F. W.

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AT HOME

ALONG THE HUDSON: HOMES AND THEMES OF MANY AUTHORS

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FROM the wilderness to the ocean the course of the lordly Hudson is replete with the enchantments of poetry, romance, and tradition. From the time of Juet's quaint narrative of its first exploration the river has been the scene of events which have been recounted in every form of literature, while its legendary associations and its beauties of flood and shore have inspired many noble works of art. For the literary wayfarer the majestic stream has the added charm of intimate connection with the lives of gifted writers who have found homes as well as themes upon its banks, and have embalmed in their books its scenery and traditions.

Irving gave to it the devotion of a lifetime and, although the tales of Cooper invest its upper course with the glamour of romance, yet it is chiefly to the facile pen of Irving that the Hudson owes its opulence of poetical and sentimental

associations; everywhere along the lower and middle reaches of the river — the portions traversed in this ramble — we may find the impress of his genius and love.

Opposite to the city of Irving's birth lies Hoboken, the sometime home of Bryant and Sands, which gave title to Fay's once popular romance, and a little way beyond is the spot, sung by the muse of Sands where, at the foot of the ledge by the riverside, the great writer of "The Federalist" fell by the hand of Burr. Above this place tower the cliffs of the Weehawken of Halleck's "Fanny," where the rambler may yet enjoy the view of "city, shore, and sparkling bay," which entranced the poet, although he will find much of the great crags broken into paving-blocks and the "poetic solitudes," once frequented by Halleck, Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck, profaned by beer gardens.

From the Manhattan shore at the foot of Eighty-third Street rises a rocky knoll where Poe often sat and looked upon the river's moving tides while he meditated his compositions; possibly "The Raven" was pondered here, since there is some reason to believe it was written while the poet boarded with the Brennans in this neighborhood. In a hostelry which overlooked the river from the "Claremont Hill" of

Doctor van Dyke's poem, Halleck sojourned when he wrote the epiclet of "Fanny," and a mile beyond we find, by the green river-bank, the embowered mansion — menaced now with demolition — in which the great Audubon lived, worked and died, and the shaded spot in the near-by cemetery where he lies in the last sleep.

A few miles above the "Spijt den Duyvel" of Knickerbocker's veracious chronicle still stands near the shore the picturesque "Chestnut Cottage" of Frederick S. Cozzens, little changed since that genial author dwelt and wrote here and made this spot the scene of the humorous incidents of his "Sparrowgrass Papers" and other sketches. Cozzens here entertained his literary friends—Halleck, Thackeray, Irving, Monckton Milnes and others of lesser fame. Financial reverses subsequently obliged him to remove from the place, but his mortal part was brought at last to rest in the cemetery of this "ancient Dorp of Yonkers" not far from his beloved home. In Yonkers we find, on Pine Street, a pretty cottage, now enlarged, in which that prince of jesters, Artemus Ward, lived for a time, and wrote some of his irresistibly droll articles, and which he bequeathed to his mother; on a corner of Warburton Avenue, not far away, the prolific writer, Mrs. Southworth, whose name was so dear to novel readers of the past generation, dwelt for

some years and produced a score or so of her numerous tales.

In this neighborhood, too, the clever and vivacious John Kendrick Bangs has composed most of his books. His present residence is a tasteful and commodious villa set in a garden on North Broadway; his library is a spacious book-lined south room, commanding a superb view that embraces the opposite Palisades and a long reach of the shining river, and here he accomplishes his editorial work and writes delightful books like "Coffee and Repartee," "A House-Boat on the Styx," "Ghosts I Have Met," etc. An elegant and substantial mansion on the summit of a terraced hill near by has long been the home of the millionaire lawyer-author, William Allen Butler — best known as the godfather of Flora McFlimsey — who has here produced, besides his prose compositions, many more thoughtful and meritorious poems than "Nothing to Wear."

At Hastings we find, by the river-shore, a sightly little bluff which once held the summer home of David Dudley Field, the eminent legal author, and the spot is especially interesting now since it is the chosen habitation of that erudite essayist, editor, and writer on municipal government, Doctor Shaw of *The Review of Reviews*. Ardsley, a few miles above, was for a time the abode of Winston Churchill; he dwelt in a long, low, irregular, rambling

house on Broadway, and it was here, in the autumn of 1896, that he began to write "Richard Carvel," the vivid and picturesque historical novel which obtained such prodigious vogue.

Irving's charming homelet — now a minor part of the mansion which his grand-nephew inhabits — stands amid scenes he made familiar to his readers, and looks out, between the trees he planted, upon the river of his love. His "dear little Sunnyside," Tarrytown, and that mystic region of Sleepy Hollow where Irving now sleeps in the spot his pen has immortalized, are sketched in a previous volume of this series.[1] The Tappan Sea, which figures in more than one of Irving's legends, lies before these Irving shrines; upon its opposite shore is Piermont and, far up on the slope behind the town, with a wide outlook upon verdant valley and brimming river, is the sometime dwelling-place of Lewis Gaylord Clark, where he penned many of his luminous articles for the *Knickerbocker* and entertained the galaxy of contributors to that famous periodical. Nearer the river on this western shore and overlooked by Hook Mountain is the Carscallen villa of Upper Nyack — a spacious and handsome mansion environed by acres of lawn, orchard and garden, with fountains, flowers and ornamental shrubberies, in which Churchill completed "Richard Carvel."

[1] See "Literary Haunts and Homes."

A decade of miles beyond Irving's grave the river flows between rugged heights that fortress the entrance to the sublime defile of the Highlands. On our right rises the Anthony's Nose of "Knickerbocker's History"; on the left towers the Donder Berg, haunt of the "little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblins" of Irving's legend of "The Storm King," who used to be heard here, in the midst of tempests, "giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind or the rattling off of another thunderclap." Other miles of strolling through a romantic mountain region bring us to a resort of Irving's, "The Grange," the ancient seat of the Philipses. Here Irving often came, accompanied by Paulding, Kemble and other friends of the "Salmagundi" days. The hospitable mansion was burned just after Irving's death, but the place is still the possession of the family whom he visited, and near it flows the picturesque mountain stream he described in "The Angler" as the scene of his own piscatorial experience with Brevoort, whose elaborate outfit is pictured in that chapter of the "Sketch-Book."

Poe was once a cadet in the military school on the rock-bound promontory of West Point in the heart of the Highlands, and upon the opposite margin of the grand river-pass lies historic Constitution Island, long the home of the sisters Warner. The

picturesque island is largely composed of steep and rude masses of rock, partially clothed by native trees, and it is now connected with the eastern shore by reedy marshlands. To this seclusion Henry W. Warner, author of "The Liberties of America," brought his gifted daughters many years ago, and here most of their literary works were produced. The dwelling is an extended, low, old-fashioned, rambling edifice of varying styles and materials, manifestly erected at different periods to suit the requirements of the occupants. The oldest portion, with low ceiling and great fireplace, dates from the time when it was a barrack of the Fort Constitution which was built upon the lower portion of the island in 1776 to defend a heavy chain stretched across the river to bar the advance of the British fleet, one end of the chain being anchored here, near the place of the present boat-house. A newer portion of the dwelling is fitted for a conservatory, giant oaks tower above the low roofs and embrace with their branches the quaint walls, a broad lawn slopes at one side, the river's fullest flow isolates the place from disturbing influences — altogether it is an ideal abode for an imaginative writer.

Here the famous Susan Warner, who never wrote at a desk in an especially appointed study, penned much of her fiction in the shade of the woods or in a tent set up in a pleasant nook near the house.

From this retreat she first sent forth "The Wide, Wide World"—one of the most popular novels ever written by an American, whose instant and enormous success made her famous in both hemispheres; next she produced the scarcely less popular "Queechy," which has been by many deemed her best book. Among the several others which followed, the story of "The Hills of Shatemuc" was laid upon the rugged river-shore among scenes which formed a part of her daily vision. In this insular home, too, her younger sister, Anna B. Warner, wrote successful books: "Patience," "Dollars and Cents," "The Fourth Watch," and others which were well received and widely read.

The island is still the home of the younger Miss Warner who, with a pair of trusty colored servitors, spends much of each year in this romantic retirement, where she has recently been engaged upon a volume of memoirs not yet published. The body of the more famous sister lies near the Cadets' Monument, in the military cemetery just opposite to her beloved island home. A fitting memorial, placed by her sister "in trust for a few of the friends that loved her," marks the spot. Its inscription names her "The Author of 'The Wide, Wide World'—born 1st July, 1819; passed gently into the life that knows no ending 17th March, 1885. *Auf Wiedersehen.*"

"Culprit Fay"—Bigelow—Kemble

Susan Warner died while sojourning in a house which stands at the entrance to "The Squirrels," the estate of John Bigelow at Highland Falls, a mile below West Point. A few rods distant a quaint and delightful old wooden mansion, whose most important apartment is its well-filled library, overlooks the Hudson from a steep cliff above the railway; and here Mr. Bigelow — author, editor, and diplomat, the associate and biographer of Bryant — is spending the evening of life among his books. A neat frame cottage, which we find in a garden just back of "The Squirrels," was for ten years the parsonage of E. P. Roe, and in the narrow room behind the parlor he began his career as a novelist by writing "Barriers Burned Away," and other graphic stories which reached a vast audience.

Commanding the Point, the island, and a ribbon of glistening river rise the crags of old Cro' Nest. Its scant and shaggy foliage Joseph Rodman Drake peopled with the dainty company of elves in his exquisite poem, and the reach of water that sweeps below he made the scene of the venturous voyage of "The Culprit Fay" in the tiny boatlet of purple and pearl. Here among the Highlands, where forest-crowned mountains stand with their feet in the flood, we see the sometime "Bachelor's Elysium" of Gouverneur Kemble,—Irving's friend "with the heart of pure gold,"—who was "The Patroon"

of the ancient Cockloft Hall celebrated in "Salmagundi." The Kemble mansion stands upon the acclivity which Irving could "not mount without blowing" because of his "villainous propensity to grow round and robustious." A golf course has been laid out in the grounds; the dignified old dwelling and its old-fashioned furniture are essentially unchanged since the time Irving sojourned there, and literators like Paulding, Kennedy, Willis, Lossing, and Morris were welcome guests, but the beloved "Patroon" has lain for twenty-five years in the cemetery of Cold Spring.

Northward towers Mount Taurus, the "Bull Hill" which in Irving's story of "Dolph Heyliger" bellowed back the storm that had rolled up the defile of the Highlands from Donder Berg. From a beautiful terrace below the impending cliff of Taurus, the former home of George P. Morris peeps forth from embowering foliage upon the noble stream and the rock-ribbed heights of the western shore. The substantial Doric edifice seems little changed save by neglect; it retains its imposing portico and pillars and we miss only the fountain which in the poet's day danced and plashed before his door. This "Undercliff" was long the gifted song-writer's favorite residence, sometime presided over by his daughter Ida, the "nymph of mountain birth" of his poem "Where Hudson's Wave."

The little north room, whose window affords a superb prospect of Newburgh Bay, was his study, and here many of his lyrics were penned. To this house his final summons came, and in a decaying vault of the old village cemetery, with his "fair and gentle Ida" by his side, the writer of "Woodman, Spare that Tree" sleeps in the voiceless mystery.

Almost directly opposite is the spot which Morris's partner and literary associate, Willis, found a picturesque wilderness — "a mere idle wild" — and converted into the delightful home which his graceful pen made familiar to the world of readers as "Idlewild." Beneath lofty Highland peaks an elevated plateau extends from the river backward to western hills, and upon this terrace, at a point where it rises two hundred feet above the water, is perched the handsome Gothic cottage which was the last home of the poet of "Unseen Spirits." Before it a spacious lawn declines toward the river; at the back is the great craggy ravine, darkened by overhanging hemlocks, at the bottom of which foams and falls the wild mountain rivulet once made famous by Willis's letters; and about the place on every hand are objects and scenes he pleasantly depicted in his books.

Shrubbery of abundant foliage and tall evergreens which the poet planted embosom the house he built — an ample, two-storied, multi-gabled edifice of painted bricks, with dormers in the steep roofs, bay-

windows and shaded piazzas on front and side, and with vines climbing above the Gothic entrance. Little has been altered since Willis was carried hence to his grave. The central hall and stairs have been widened somewhat, but we may still see at the right his parlor, whose spacious bay-window commands the verdant slope of lawn, the shining river, the steeps of the opposite shore and the more distant tree-clad mountains as described in his "Across-river View"; the adjoining room, which was his library, and, above it, the contracted apartment where he wrote and where the space not occupied by his invalid couch was filled with books, journals, and manuscripts.

The works which gained Willis his early reputation — including the once vastly popular poems upon scriptural themes — were produced before he knew "Idlewild": in this home he spent the last two decades of his busy literary life, here he suffered prolonged torments of physical disease such as few literators have been doomed to endure, and here, on his sixty-first birthday, his spirit passed through the muffled gate of death.

To this cultured home came many guests — Dana, Whipple, Fields, Irving, Kennedy, Morris, Halleck, De Trobriand, Bayard Taylor, and others of similar renown. The incidents of Willis's idyllic life here, his garden and trees, his children and

horses, the floods in the glen, the peculiarities of his rural neighbors, the varying aspects of nature, the charms of this wondrous landscape about his home—great Storm King looming in the south, the broad bend of river in front, the sail-dotted expanse of bay in the north, the green shores and valleys studded with villas and villages—were with deft touch and airy grace woven into the papers written here for his *Home Journal* and subsequently published in his last volumes, "Out-Doors at Idlewild," and "The Convalescent."

Near by is the quiet farmhouse where Willis sojourned before he built "Idlewild," and to which Bayard Taylor brought, in hopeless search for health, the adored Mary Agnew, who, a few months later, left his arms to enter the shadowy realm.

At Cornwall, too, lived for nearly a quarter of a century that earnest and effective writer, Edward P. Roe. His dwelling, a gabled frame fabric with a wide veranda extending along its front, still stands well back from the street in the midst of park-like grounds of many acres. A garden of flowers blooms in front; picturesque old fruit trees and more symmetrical maples and evergreens cluster about the mansion and are disposed through the grounds, from whose shades we enjoy enchanting prospects of Storm King, Breakneck, and other

Highland peaks, and of the river gleaming through the foliage. The house, yet owned by the novelist's family, has been changed since his death only by the removal of his furniture and personal belongings. A shelf-lined room adjoining the parlor held his library of four thousand volumes, and here one or two of his tales were written, but his later books were composed in what he called his "sky-parlor." This is a large, airy apartment which he prepared for a literary workshop, high up among the tree-tops in one of the gables. Its windows look across the lawns and gardens of his own "Roelands," and command a curving expanse of the river and the rugged forms of near-by mountains. With this landscape in view he sat here at his escritoire — a walnut union of drawers, closets, and desk, still preserved by his family — and penned "Nature's Serial Story," "He Fell in Love with His Wife," and a dozen or more of similarly popular books. The fruit culture, of which he wrote so enthusiastically, he practised on the acres near his home, and, for successive seasons, when his strawberry beds were red with luscious abundance, the Authors Club came here by invitation to feast with him upon the fruit. A little way back from the house the townspeople have laid out a little green which they have named Roe Park, and here they have set, in a massive boulder, a suitably inscribed

bronze tablet in commemoration of the author who was to them a neighbor beloved, and who now rests in death among them.

The novelist of "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" inhabits a home high on the green mountain-side in this vicinage. Hers is the charmingly irregular cottage-dwelling locally known as "Cherry Croft." It is placed in pleasantly shaded grounds, among orchards and plats, and, with its steep gables, octagonal tower, vine-embowered verandas and striped awnings, is a pleasing feature of an altogether pleasing landscape.

Cases of costly books, a tiled fireplace, handsome pictures and bric-à-brac make Mrs. Barr's library a most attractive place and the many rooms of the house are furnished in a fashion which indicates the taste and culture of the gifted owner, who returns to them early after her winters in New York or the South and spends most of the year amid this inspiriting environment. In this house and its neighborhood she has composed nearly all her books, including "Friend Olivia," "A Daughter of Fife," "Trinity Bells" and other widely read novels.

From the western shore of Newburgh Bay "Cedar Lawn," erst the home of Joel T. Headley, overlooks the broad bay and the great river-gorge southward to West Point. In this picturesque retirement the popular author resided during twenty-

two years and here wrote "Napoleon and his Marshals," "The Great Rebellion," and most of his famous books of history and biography. At Newburg, too, lives the novelist, Adelaide Skeel, among the scenes of her clever romance, "King Washington."

Eastward of the bay lies the arena of some of the adventures of Enoch Crosby, the Harvey Birch of Cooper's "Spy," and the ancient Fishkill church was the scene of his imprisonment after the mock trial. Fishkill is the birthplace of Mrs. Townsend, the poet of "Down the Bayou," "Distaff and Spindle," etc. Mount Gulian, nearer the river, is the ancestral mansion of the Verplancks in which the Society of the Cincinnati was organized. Here that polished writer Gulian C. Verplanck — sometime the literary partner of Bryant and Sands — dwelt for many years, and his grave is made in the Fishkill burial-ground, a thousand leagues away from the tomb of the bright being whose early death made him for sixty-five years a widowed mourner. Despite the encroachments of brickyards, Mount Gulian retains much of its environment of broad acres and noble trees; the venerable mansion preserves all its antique peculiarities, and we may see the quaint rooms unchanged since Verplanck here completed his scholarly edition of Shakespeare, and entertained guests of the literary quality of Irving, Cooper,

Paulding, Bryant and Lord Houghton. At Fishkill Landing lived and lately died that well-known writer and critic, Clarence Cook, author of "The House Beautiful."

The low plateau that projects into the river above Newburg Bay is the Duyvel's Dans-Kamer of "Knickerbocker's History," where Peter Stuyvesant's crew were "most horribly frightened by a gang of merry, roystering devils, frisking on the huge flat rock."

Poughkeepsie is the place of abode of the talented and versatile Joel Benton — poet, essayist, critic — whose contributions to periodical literature have, even more than his books, made him familiar to the reading public.

High above the river-verge at West Park abides that worthy successor of Thoreau, John Burroughs — our "Prophet of Outdoordom." "Riverby," the name of his beautiful home, suggested the title of one of the volumes written here and is the brand-mark which covers certain more material products of the author's culture. In the midst of his acres he chose for the site of his dwelling a spot which commands the lordly river and an undulating sweep of the green hills of Dutchess, and here, more than twenty years ago, he planned and erected the house, the story of whose construction he has so pleasantly told to his readers. The stones and

woods of the structure are mostly native to his own lands and, by the sympathetic treatment of these materials, a pleasing and picturesque edifice has been produced, so entirely in harmony with its surroundings that it almost seems to be a natural feature of the landscape. It is a commodious gabled fabric, three stories in height, with broad porches and balconies, and with vines mantling its stone walls.

An apartment whose windows look down the Hudson toward the distant Highlands was for years the study of this poet, philosopher, and "literary naturalist," and here he wrote most of his earlier books, among them being "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Sunshine," and "Pepacton." Fruitful orchards and the vineyards which yield the "Riverby" grapes fall away to the river-bank; on the brow of the decline, at a little distance from the house, stands the diminutive square structure, covered with rough bark and lined with books, which for sixteen years has been Burroughs's private den and workshop, and where his later books have been penned, embracing "Fresh Fields," "Signs and Seasons," "Riverby," "A Year in the Fields," "Alaska," etc.

The adjoining acres, as well as the ruder areas of his "Whitman Land," have been the scenes of his rural employments, and have yielded a profuse

fruitage not quoted in the market price-lists. During his operations afield the brain of the thinker is not idle, and the sensitive perceptions of the naturalist are quick to note the significance of every detail of life and nature; when the autumnal frosts suspend his outdoor occupations and stir him to expression, he takes up his pen and, in the seclusion of the bark-clad study, clothes in vivid and sprightly diction the thoughts, fancies, and observations of the golden summer hours.

A more recently acquired tract of savage, rocky, and swampy land, a mile west of the railway, is named by Burroughs "Whitman Land," because he thinks "in many ways it is typical of the poet," combining ruggedness and grandeur with tenderness and geniality. This tract Burroughs has partially cleared and, in a sheltered spot at the border of the now drained and cultivated bog, he has erected a rustic cabin of shaggy-barked slabs, with a great chimney of stone and a shaded porch about which the birds nest and sing. Excepting a few books and pictures the furniture of his "Slabsides" is of the simplest and, like the cabin, is chiefly the work of his own hands, being constructed from the woods and barks that grow near by. Here the author usually remains from April to autumn, giving some time to his bachelor housekeeping, more to many visitors, still more to his business affairs, and having

yet a little left for occasional literary tasks. It was here that his study of Whitman was partly written, and some of his later essays.

James K. Paulding, the successor of Brockden Brown in American letters, and the friend and early literary associate of Irving, passed the autumn of life in a charming retreat a little way above Hyde Park. It was after his retirement from President Van Buren's cabinet that he came to "Placedentia" and resumed, with almost the zest of the period of his "Backwoodsman" and "Dutchman's Fireside," the beloved literary pursuits which his political career had interrupted. Paulding's mansion is picturesquely placed upon a commanding terrace from which the ground falls away in gentle undulations to the river, two or three furlongs distant; the view which Irving so much admired embraces a beautiful expanse of animating landscape,—miles of the silvery river with its many moving craft, the lessening perspectives of the lovely shores, the giant mountain-forms looming to the horizon in the hazy distance. The dwelling has been something enlarged since Paulding's time, but we may still see the room in which he died, and the place of the library where the veteran author penned several of his twenty-seven now almost forgotten volumes, including "The Old Continental" and "The Puritan and His Daughter," the latter being written at the advanced age of seventy-two.

Placedentia—The Catskills

As we journey northward we see the great pile of the Catskills upholding the western sky, their towering summits tinted with purple and blue or hooded with gray mists. At their feet lies the village where that once productive and popular novelist, Ann S. Stephens, sometime dwelt; among the mountain recesses is shown the scene of Rip Van Winkle's misadventure with the goblin and the flagon, as narrated in Irving's immortal legend, and on summer afternoons, when the sky is darkened with clouds, we may yet sometimes hear the ghostly crew of Hendrick Hudson at their game of ninepins. In one wild glen we find the loftly waterfall which the hero of Cooper's "Pioneers" thought "the best piece of work he'd met with in the woods," and by which he loved to sit in dreamy meditation. From the sightly point where "Leather-Stocking" used to stand we look upon the matchless panorama which he described to Edwards; we see with him "seventy miles of the river looking like a curled shaving under our feet," and, across the shimmering green of the vast landscape, the rugged Highlands, the misty peaks of the Taghconics, and the fainter outlines of the far Hampshire hills.

Farther up the valley, and but a few miles distant from the river-bank we find, amid pleasant pastoral scenes, the estate of Lindenwald, for many happy years the home of Martin Van Buren, but interesting to us chiefly on account of its connection

with Irving and his work. That author was for a time associated with Van Buren at the American Legation in London, they were companions in a visit to Newstead and other literary shrines of England, and when Van Buren became President he tendered to Irving a cabinet portfolio which the latter declined.

In Irving's early manhood Lindenwald was the country-seat of Judge Van Ness — the author of "Aristides" — to whose ancestors Knickerbocker avers we are indebted for the invention of buckwheat cakes. The judge, who had been Burr's second in the fateful duel with Hamilton, was an attached friend of Irving, and when he suffered the sorrow of his life in the death of his fair fiancé, Matilda Hoffman, he was invited to retire for a time to this spot, and during the months of his sojourn he sought forgetfulness of his grief in absorbing literary occupation. Here he revised and completed the peerless "History of New York," — in which he mentions his host's family, — working upon it for some hours of each day in the same chamber where Van Buren afterward died. In Irving's time the mansion was a plain square brick edifice shaded by pines and lindens; it was enlarged and beautified by Van Buren, who purchased it from his law-preceptor, Van Ness; among the notable additions being a spacious library and an

observatory which yet towers above the roofs and overlooks an extensive and beautiful view. Of this delightful residence Irving's niece later became mistress. It is now owned by the farmer who tills the environing acres, and is essentially unchanged since the ex-President's death; much of his furniture remains in the commodious rooms, and the scores of magnificent pines that cluster upon the lawn were here when Irving knew the place.

It was here that Irving made the acquaintance of Jesse Merwin, a young schoolmaster "boarding round" in the neighborhood, whom he afterward burlesqued in Ichabod Crane. A liking grew up between the author and the teacher, and their friendship and correspondence continued until death. After Irving's literary task for the day was done he would go to the schoolhouse and wait until his friend had dismissed the pupils, then the two would take long walks through the country-side — walks of which the pedagogue ever retained delightful memories. Once they went fishing together on a lakelet not far distant, where they compensated their ill-success in piscicapture by plundering the canoe of a more skilful angler, the "vagabond admiral of the lake," John Moore. It was the qualities and conduct of this Moore which suggested to Irving the skulking and vagrant cosmopolite whom he named Dirk Schuiler in "Knickerbocker's

History''—a character which he introduced into that chronicle during his residence here among the haunts of the vagabond original.

Near Lindenwald we find the place of the school, but the old log building in which the real Ichabod Crane urged the tough, broad-bottomed Dutch boys "along the flowery path of knowledge" in Irving's day, has long disappeared. For half a century the master has slept beneath the daisies; but on the hill behind his school stands the substantial farmhouse where he lived and died, where he proudly named a favorite child after his illustrious friend and companion of the early time, and where now dwells his younger son, an esteemed member of the community. Merwin's sepulchre is near that of Van Buren in the cemetery of the historic Dutch church at near-by Kinderhook, and is one of the sights of the place. It is marked by a square upright monument of marble, whose simple inscription shows that he died at the age of sixty-eight, and that, in the incessant procession to the grave, he preceded by seven years the great writer who had made all the world laugh at his whimsical caricature as the pedagogue of Sleepy Hollow.

A NEW JERSEY RAMBLE: LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEWARK, ETC.

Cooper and Irving Scenes – Hoboken – Sands – Bryant – Halleck – Newark – The Gilders – Dr. Coles – Talleyrand – Chateaubriand – Shelley's Grandfather – Stephen Crane – Stedman – Mrs. Dodge – Marion Harland – Dr. Ward – Amanda M. Douglas – Mrs. Kinney – Noah Brooks – Thomas Dunn English – Thomas Moore – Cockloft Hall – Ray Palmer – Henry William Herbert, etc.

THE water-ways that girt our "mast hemmed Manhattan" have long been famed in song and story, and all the outlying district that environs the metropolis holds, for the literary prowler, objects and places of precious pilgrimage and regard. Some of these have earlier attracted our steps and have been sketched in previous books of this series, but more remain to reward our reverent quest. The noble harbor—fitting portal to a commerical capital—encircles with its tides the island which has been the abode of Thoreau and of our American Elia, George William Curtis, and is still the home of that gifted poet and critic, William Winter. James Fenimore Cooper here laid a scene of his "Water Witch"; the adjacent water was the theater of some of the exploits of that marvelous craft and upon the near-by New Jersey coast we may find the site of Van Beverout's villa "Lust in Rust," with its superb sea-

view, the place of "La Belle Barberie's" pavilion, and contiguous scenes of the operations of the smugglers in Cooper's tale.

Other Jersey shrines may well engage us. The river ferry-boats convey us quickly from the city's shore of ships to the ancient Pavonia of Diedrich Knickerbocker's wonderful "History" and to Communipaw,—scene of the victory of the *Goede Vrouw* heroes over the squaws and papooses, in that veracious chronicle,—the place which "was the egg whence was hatched the mighty City of New York." Malodorous vapors from factories and refineries have replaced the clouds from the burghers' pipes which overhung the Communipaw of Knickerbocker's time, and that renowned spot has since been made the scene of an irreverent "Legend" by George Arnold.

Above lies historic Hoboken—with its sometime "Elysian Fields"—where yet is indicated the old dwelling near the river where lived and died the poet of "Yamoyden" and author of many now little read works, Robert C. Sands. The course of domiciliary decline has thus far spared the ample rooms, with their high ceilings and quaint mantels, and we may yet see the apartment in which the Sketch Club—that association of literary men and artists which was the parent of the Century Club—held many of its meetings, and the study where

Sands, Bryant, and Verplanck collaborated upon "The Talisman," their sessions being sometimes so noisily merry that passers-by would pause to listen. In this room, too, only three days after the publication of his poem, "The Dead of Thirty-two" (Scott, Cuvier, Goethe, Crabbe, Bentham, etc.), Sands was himself stricken while preparing an article for the first number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine;* he had written the line,

"Oh, deem not my spirit among you abides,"

when the bolt fell, his pencil traced an irregular mark across the page, and then fell from his nerveless grasp forever. The little cottage by the Sands mansion, which Bryant occupied during the prevalence of the cholera in New York and for some years afterward, was long ago swept away by the current of commerce, and with it have disappeared the beauties of foliage-fringed shore, sunny mead, and rocky height, which were here celebrated in the musical verse of Halleck and Sands, and the refined prose of Verplanck and Irving. Not far from the river we see the pleasant little park described by Arthur Fawcett, where, in his "Daughter of Silence," Brenda and Guy Arbuthnot first spoke.

Out of the great salt meadows behind the near Bergen ridge rises the mound of Snake Hill — occupied now by various charitable and punitive institu-

tions — which, according to Knickerbocker, was formed by the sepulture of the savages of Communipaw, who, being accosted by the crew of the *Goede Vrouw*, were so terrified by the "uncouth sound of the Low Dutch language that they one and all took to their heels, scampered over the Bergen hills, and did not stop until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished." Across these meadows extends the Newark causeway of "Salmagundi," along which Irving and his coterie of "Nine Worthies" made their frequent stage-journeys to the scene of their frolics at Cockloft Hall — the causeway which always reminded Paulding of Christopher Cockloft's stories, because "one sees the end at the distance of several miles."

These "several miles" bring us to the commercial center of the beautiful city of Newark, at which point we find the offices of the *Daily Advertiser* — the newspaper of which Noah Brooks long was editor, and upon whose staff the Gilders and Stephen Crane were sometime employed. Upon the opposite corner of Broad and Market Streets Richard Watson Gilder established and edited the now defunct *Morning Register*, which was subsequently edited by Dr. English. To its columns all the Gilder family contributed; Miss Jeanette — now "The Lounger" of *The Critic* — wrote for it,

at an early age, her first newspaper article, an essay upon salt, for which, as she says, "the encyclopedia supplied most of the facts." A few rods down Market Street from this busy corner is published a successor to Gilder's *Register*, *The Evening News*, to which Dr. English is a contributor. Opposite to the *Evening News* office we find, at No. 222, a venerable, three-storied, brick-and-stone building, now surrendered to business, which was long the home of the poet and scholar — friend of Whittier and Holmes — Dr. Abraham Coles. Here, amid the din of a noisy thoroughfare, and in the precarious leisure hours afforded by his high priesthood of the art of healing, he made most of his many rhythmic renderings of the solemn litany, "Dies Iræ," some of which are matchless in spirit and manner, and preserve the sonorous quality of the original Latin in a degree unequalled by the version of any other translator; here, too, he made his beautiful translations of the "Stabat Mater" and many mediæval lyrics, wrote "The Microcosm," —a Lucretius-like poem upon the structure and functions of the human body,—"The Evangel," "Light of the World," and numerous other poems.

Just south of the corner of Broad and Market Streets is the site of the quaint square church where George Whitefield once preached during the pastorate of Aaron Burr — the parent and virtual first

president of Princeton College — and where that now venerated institution was ultimately organized, and its first eight commencements held. A substantial and elegant stone mansion, long ago displaced by business structures, which stood discreetly back from the sidewalk two or three rods below the next (William) street, was the home of President Burr, to which, after a courtship of three days, he brought as his wife the lovely and amiable daughter of the author of "Edwards On The Will," and here was born the Aaron Burr who fills so large a place in the pages of American history.

Almost directly opposite to Burr's birthplace, and upon the site now occupied by the Kremlin Building, stood the Alling homestead, — a commodious, massive-timbered, gambrel-roofed, low-ceiled edifice of wood, with a chair factory in one end and a railed gallery between its large chimneys, — which was long a landmark in its neighborhood, but which interests us mainly by its associations with some foreign literators who sometime resided beneath its ancient roof. Among these was Talleyrand — Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand-Perigord, Bishop of Autun — who dwelt here during the greater part of his term of exile in America; here he gave lessons in the French language, and sometimes worked at chair-making, and here were recorded the observations upon which he founded his disser-

tation, "Une Mémoire sur les Relations Commerciales des États Unis," which he afterward published in France. In this old house, too, dwelt for a time that transcendent author, the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and here, it is said, he planned one of his most impressive works, "Genie du Christianisme," which he wrote in a London attic, and published in Paris. It has been thought that Edgar Allan Poe found in a chapter of this book the conceptions which he clothed in the musical rhyme of "The Bells."

In this older part of the city sometime lived Bysshe Shelley, who afterward removed to England to become Sir Bysshe of Goring Castle, Sussex, and grandfather of the "impassioned Ariel of English verse." Whether he was born in the then staid little town on the Passaic or was early brought hither from Guildford, Connecticut, where his parents inhabited the place afterward occupied by the poet Halleck, is a matter of incertitude; in Newark he was reared and grew to be the tall, handsome, clear-witted, vigorous-willed man, stately of bearing, charming of address and "reckless of the proprieties," who was destined to elsewhere win his way to a baronetcy and a colossal fortune. Here he made his first essay in life as a medical charlatan, with so little success that the effort was not long continued, and here, probably, he was married to and—as his poet-grandson says—

"behaved badly" toward the first of his procession of wives, the young widow of a miller.

Among the quieter thoroughfares, a block or two out of Broad, lies Mulberry Place, a short street of rather cheap and unpretentious dwellings, where we find the plain, three-storied brick house, now numbered fourteen, in which Stephen Crane first saw the light and where some years of his childhood were spent. Less than three decades after his birth in this humble home, the author of "The Red Badge of Courage," to whom friendly critics were looking for the production of the great American novel, was brought from a foreign land for burial a few miles distant from this birthplace. A little way beyond Mulberry Place, in a tranquil neighborhood on shady Brunswick Street, is the dwelling where lived for several years the poet of "The Celestial Passion" — now the editor of *The Century* — and other members of his talented family. The house is numbered seventy-seven, a modest and pleasant frame fabric with a French roof, and is unaltered since the time of the Gilders' occupancy. Here, in addition to much routine editorial work, the poet produced some of that exquisite verse for which he is known and loved, and here began Miss Gilder's "Journalistic Experiences" of which she has written with such spirit.

The poet-banker, Edmund Clarence Stedman,

dwelt a furlong or so from the Gilders. His home was erected in Stratford Place, a beautifully shaded little street on the eastern slope of the eminence upon which the more elevated portion of the city is set. The dwelling is a picturesque frame cottage of moderate size, with pretty porches and bay windows, and has recently been removed to Avon Avenue,—where it is numbered fifty-three,—a few rods from its original site. Upon that site it was a fit home for a poet, being garlanded by roses and climbing vines and placed in the midst of a garden where shrubbery and embowering trees grew about it on every side. In this home, mostly in the nights between wearying business days, Stedman wrote many of his charming poems and essays and a part of his appreciative and critical volume on "The Victorian Poets"; to him here came as visitors Dr. Coles, Mary Mapes Dodge, the Gilders, Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard and others of like tastes or attainments.

The home of the historian Foster adjoined Stedman's on the south, and a mile without the city limits in this direction is the fine old mansion of the late Professor Mapes, where his gifted daughter, Mary Mapes Dodge, spent much of her girlhood and several years of her womanhood. While resident here she commenced her editorial career on the *Hearth and Home* and wrote three or four books, including her best known volume, "Hans Brinker."

Northward, along the slope which once held the home of Stedman, we find in High Street, just back of the court house, a double frame dwelling of ample proportions where for six years resided that popular writer, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune), and where she produced "My Little Love," "Common Sense in the Household," etc.

The course of a stroll northward along Broad Street from the business center of the city will bring us to some of the scenes and shrines we seek. The Park House, which overlooks Military Park from its eastern border, was for years the abode of Elizabeth Clementine Kinney, the intimate friend of the Brownings, with whom she spent much time in Florence. She was the author of such works as "Felicita," "The Italian Beggar Boy" and "Bianca Capello," and here in the Park House she composed some of her poems and many journalistic articles. Her writings deserved the generous recognition they received, but her best contribution to literature was, undoubtedly, her son, the poet Stedman. In this hostelry "Frank Forester" sometime resided and wrote once familiar books on sports.

In the dwelling adjoining the Park House Marion Harland produced "At Last," and "True as Steel," and six or seven of her novels were written in the house No. 4 West Park Street, on

the opposite side of the park. Towering above a corner of Washington Park, at Lombardy Street, is the mammoth Aldine apartment house where Noah Brooks once lived. His were pleasant apartments upon the fourth floor, which he occupied during several years of his editorial connection with the *Advertiser*, and in which he produced his "Life of Lincoln" in the "Heroes of the Nation" series, "Boy Settlers," and a volume of his continuation of Bryant's "History of the United States." Ward's colossal bronze of Coles, the unequaled translator of "Dies Iræ," stands at another corner of this green and shady park.

A little way out of Broad in State Street — a sober, democratic thoroughfare north of the Lackawanna railway — stands a substantial brick house of modest exterior, within whose hospitable doors we are greeted by that veteran poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, editor, critic, Dr. Thomas Dunn English. The rooms abound with interesting and valuable curios and with mementos of the friends and events of his long literary life, but it is the back parlor — his library and lounge — which attracts and holds us. Its walls are mostly lined with well-used books; wherever space permits pictures are hung, some of them painted by the doctor's own hand; bits of bric-à-brac and tasteful pieces of pottery are disposed here and there, smokers' arti-

cles mingle with the books upon the writing-table, an orderly disorder of journals and papers overspreads tables and chairs, and beside the fireplace sits, with long-stemmed pipe in mouth, the genius of the place — one of the most picturesque figures in our literature. His spare, lithe form is somewhat bent, and the hair that crowns his finely formed head is touched with gray, but his face — mustached like a pirate's — is bright and expressive, the gleam in his dark eyes gives little hint of the malady that is dimming them to blindness, his mien is alert and animated, his thought is of the present not of the past, and yet it is nearly sixty years since he wrote "Ben Bolt," the lyric which took the world by storm. Nor is there any sign of mental senility in the virile verse, or the crisp and vigorous prose he produces, for he is still engaged in literary work. From the depths of his easy-chair he dictates to his daughter poems, editorials, and magazine articles which are widely read. Some of the latter are reminiscential in character and may, later, be collected in a volume.

All of Dr. English's numerous published books were written before he came to this residence; the greater part of them were issued pseudonymously and have never been acknowledged by their author. Among the few novels he cares to recognize are "Ambrose Fecit" and "Walter Woolfe" —

written before most of us were born; a later successful tale, "Jacob Schuyler's Millions," was composed in an old house which we lately found standing by the corner of Sussex Avenue and Third Street, not far from the spot where "Frank Forester" once fought a duel with a Newark lawyer. More recently a collection of Dr. English's "Fairy Stories and Wonder Tales" has been made by his daughter.

Of his many dramas, composed mostly for Burton and Foster, only "The Mormons," which was written in three days, is now extant. Of the thousand and more poems that have been published under his own name some hundreds are preserved in the volumes "American Ballads," "Battle Lyrics," and "Select Poems," and, among them all, few can be found which, in the esteem of their writer, are not superior in literary merit to the popular song with which his name is indissolubly associated. Such poems as "The Charge by the Ford," "Palingenesia," "The Battle of Monmouth," "The Sack of Deerfield," "Ballad of the Colors," "Rafting on Guyandotte" (a vivid descriptive versification), or any one of a hundred others more worthily represent his style and uphold his fame than does the perennial "Ben Bolt." Of the latter the doctor usually speaks as one of his "youthful indiscretions," and it is said to be sometimes perilous to

mention it in his presence; but we are favored with a whimsical account from his own lips of its hasty and fragmentary composition as a gift of "copy" for his friend Willis, of its being sent with the recommendation that it should be burned, of its unexpected and phenomenal success. "It became the rage; a race-horse was named for it, a ship and steamboat took their name from it." The ship was wrecked, the steamboat exploded, the horse ruined all who risked their money upon him, but the ballad remains to be "the plague" of its author's life. He is everywhere pointed out as "the man who wrote 'Ben Bolt,'" bands play the air when he appears at any public function, admirers in all quarters of the globe pester him with demands for autograph copies. Occasionally these annoyances abate somewhat, but before the doctor dares to hope the song is being forgotten something occurs — like its introduction by Cable in "Dr. Sevier" or by Du Maurier in "Trilby" — to revive and extend its vogue.

The vast aggregate of his literary productions suggests such unwonted celerity of composition that we are not surprised when told that many of his poems of a hundred lines were written in a single evening and that "Kallimais," a weird tale told in above five hundred lines of blank verse, was composed in five hours. The doctor has known, more

or less intimately, many of the best American writers of the past half century, and to sit with him here among his books and listen to his brilliant discourse concerning our favorite authors, his earnest and enthusiastic appreciations of their best works, his vivid narratives of events in their lives, of which the biographers seem never to have heard, is for us an unparalleled pleasure. His memory is a veritable treasure-house, and the "Reminiscences" he hopes —barring the interruption of death, which may Heaven forefend — to give to the world will be of transcendent interest and value.

Two blocks beyond, by the junction of Belleville Avenue with Broad Street, we find a feed-store and the adjacent sidewalk covering now the site of the venerable mansion where the poet of "Lalla Rookh" was once a guest. It was a substantial, low-built, square structure of stuccoed stone, with a broad front looking southward along the highway, and was occupied by the cultured Ogden family to whom, it is said, Moore brought letters of introduction from their Tory relatives. The poet was then upon his return from "the vex't Bermoothes," having assigned to a deputy the duties of his office there as Registrar of the Admiralty. Letters which he wrote from "the States" at this time stigmatized Americans as barbarous, sordid, corrupt, barren in intellect, taste, "and all in which the heart is con-

cerned"; yet he graciously excepted from his denunciations the women, who, "as flowers, here waste their sweetness most deplorably," and it has been said that one of his love-lyrics,

"Come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me,"

was addressed to a fair inmate of this old Ogden house. While here Moore seems to have called upon "The Three Graces," daughters of a Mr. Lawrence who lived not far distant, and although he averred that "music here is like whistling in the wilderness," he sang for these ladies some of his own sentimental songs, being accompanied upon "the first piano ever owned in the place." From the Ogden house Moore made the excursion to Passaic Falls, whence he wrote to his mother one of his habitually defamatory letters concerning Americans. Sixteen years afterward he expressed to Washington Irving his sorrow over these epistles from America, the production of which he pronounced "the sin of his early life." On account of the defalcation of his Bermuda delegate, Moore was then in exile in Paris, where he become intimate with Irving, who danced with "Bessie" on the tenth anniversary of her marriage to the poet. The "Bermuda difficulty" was settled from the proceeds of the sale by Moore of the famous Byron "Memoirs."

Resort of Irving—The Salmagundians

It was not many months after Moore's visit to the Ogden house that Irving began to frequent the imposing old mansion which then stood nearest to it on the north, and which subsequently was celebrated as the Cockloft Hall of "Salmagundi." This mansion still exists in a neighborhood which has greatly changed since Irving's time, when the Hall was "not so near town as to invite an inundation of idle acquaintance, nor so distant as to render it a deed of charity to perform the journey"; the growth of the city has swept far past it, and blocks of buildings cover now the fair fields which erst environed it. In the "Salmagundi" days it was owned by Gouverneur Kemble, and was the resort of a circle of choice spirits, wits and *littérateurs* of the time, variously known as "The Ancients," "Lads of Kilkenny," and "The Nine Worthies." This coterie included, among others, Washington Irving, Peter Irving ("The Doctor"), Kemble ("The Patroon"), James K. Paulding ("Billy Taylor"), Henry Ogden, and they would frequently come out from New York and make the old place gay with their frolicsome pranks. Here the humorous and satirical "Salmagundi" papers were planned and partly written, and the mansion and its whimsical occupants figure conspicuously in their pages.

We find the storied hall standing in the midst of

ample lawns on Mount Pleasant Avenue. A few of the near-by elms and sycamores are survivors of the Cockloft period, but Christopher's sacred cherry-tree,—called Paulding's tree by the Salmagundians, because of a droll experience of the author of "The Dutchman's Fireside" among its branches,—which stood at the northwest corner of the house, was removed not many years ago. The tree, "full of fantastical twists," which was Launcelot Langstaff's lounging-place, has disappeared from the eastern lawn, and a railway traverses now the site of the Cockloft fish-pond and of the famous summer-house where Irving mused and wrote. That interesting structure—an elaborate octagonal edifice of Dutch bricks—was demolished in the extension of a street, and some of its materials are to be found in the foundation walls of a dwelling within a stone's-throw of its ancient site. The mansion itself has been renovated and modernized until Pindar Cockloft would scarcely recognize his ancestral abode; but it retains its wooden walls in their original form and dimensions, and its chief essential alteration is the exchange of a graceful mansard for the hipped roof, with its surmounting gallery, which Irving knew. The interior has lost the antique furniture and family portraits, together with the heavy oaken wainscots and cornices of the olden time, and its decorations and furnish-

ings are now those of a tasteful and elegant modern home. A drawing-room of regal dimensions, on the eastern front, was the "Chinese Saloon" in "Salmagundi" days, where "The Nine" indulged in some of their absurd pranks, "of which games of leap-frog were the least." From the windows of this apartment we look across the remnant of the ancient lawn to the river — bordered now by docks and lumber-yards, which replace the fringing willows Irving described — and see upon the farther shore the tower of Kearny's castle rising among the trees not far from the birthplace of "Major Jack Downing."

With the drawing-room an extension is united at either end, forming a noble suite of three rooms, of which the northern is — as it was of yore — the library of the mansion. Here Christopher Cockloft preserved the "most quaint and insufferable books in the whole compass of English, Scotch, and Irish literature"; here Will Wizard persued his antiquarian studies and discovered the wonderful "Chronicles of the Renowned and Ancient City of Gotham," which appeared in "Salmagundi" and anticipated the humor and style of "Knickerbocker's History"; here may now be seen articles made from Paulding's cherry-tree and a ledger in the handwriting of the ancient owner of the place. The "Green Moreen" chamber — beloved of the

Salmagundians, who lay here in bed and, through the window, shot cherries from Paulding's tree — is the southwestern room of the second floor, and has long since parted with its distinctive furniture and hangings.

Some of Irving's contributions to "Salmagundi" were scarcely excelled by the later productions of his graceful pen. One of his family has told this writer that Irving once designed to extend the Cockloft papers by making Will Wizard marry Miss Cockloft, and describing a whimsically ceremonious wedding at the venerable hall. Through all the successes of their subsequent lives the Salmagundians retained fond recollections of this place and of the happy days passed here. Many years afterward Paulding — author of twenty-seven successful books and member of Van Buren's cabinet — wrote of the old hall in terms of affectionate regard; Kemble, in a letter to Irving in Europe, said: "Cockloft Hall is still mine: I look forward to the time when we shall assemble there, recount the stories of our various lives, and have another game of leap-frog;" and, not long before his death, we find Irving recalling his pleasant memories of the place, and asking of Kemble, in allusion to their merry frolics here, "Who would have thought we should ever have lived to be such respectable old gentlemen!"

Ray Palmer—H. Ward—Miss Douglas

Directly opposite to Cockloft Hall, on tree-shaded Mount Pleasant Avenue, is a modest and comfortable frame dwelling where lived and died Ray Palmer, writer of America's best contribution to Christian hymnology, "My Faith Looks up to Thee." Here many of his sacred lyrics were composed and here now dwell surviving members of his family. Upon the sightly summit of the neighboring Mount Prospect is the abode of Dr. William Hayes Ward; it is a handsome brownstone structure with a delightful environment of sward, shrub, and tree, and with a wide and beautiful prospect extending to the tree-crowned top of the Watchung range. For above a quarter of a century this has been the home of the veteran editor of *The Independent* and his gifted sister, Miss Susan Hayes Ward, who have here performed much literary work; here, too, lived Herbert D. Ward before he married Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and became the hero of his story of "The Burglar that Moved Paradise."

On the lower slope of this elevation of Mount Prospect lies Summer Avenue, and the residence of that ready and prolific writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas. Hers is an attractive frame dwelling, whose windows face the sunset; a pleasant front room of the second story, literally "glorified" by large, sunny windows, is the apartment especially

favored by Miss Douglas. Well-filled bookcases partially cover its walls, here and there are tasteful pictures and articles of bric-à-brac, and everywhere is a profusion of books, magazines, and papers. In a cozy corner beside the brightest window stands a little desk, and here, seated in a rocking-chair which "fits her well," the author of "In Trust" works during some hours of most days and during all hours of some days upon her manuscripts. In Summer Avenue she has written many volumes, embracing all of the "Sherburne" books, and the popular historical series from "A Little Girl in Old New York," to "A Little Girl in Old Washington." "In Wild-Rose Time," which Miss Douglas considers her best novel, was written just before she removed to this place.

Mount Prospect overlooks the solitude of "The Cedars," where the brilliant and unhappy Henry William Herbert passed his last years of life. It is a weird and romantic spot near the river-bank at the northeast corner of Mount Pleasant Cemetery, selected by Herbert because, as he said, the living were distant and the dead would not molest him. In this place he erected a quaint, gabled cottage, above whose entrance he carved the arms of the high-born English family to which he belonged; and, relinquishing journalism, he with-

drew to this retreat and devoted nearly twelve years of almost hermit-like seclusion to beloved literary occupations. Here he wrote twenty-three of his more than a hundred books and partially completed others, including a spirited translation of Homer's "Iliad." Many of these books were once widely read novels,—of which "Cromwell" was one of the best,—but nine of those produced in this retirement treated of field sports and were published under the yet popular name of "Frank Forester."

To this homelet, in his last fateful year, he brought a bride who left him three months later, and whose final refusal to return produced the mental agony which impelled him to write, "All is lost,—home, hope, sunshine, *she*,—let life go likewise," and to cast himself uncalled into the arms of death.

A few visitors, like Anton, Picton, and the poet, Isaac McLellan, came to Herbert here; a more frequent caller was an unlettered English farmer living a half mile distant, Mr. I'Anson, to whom Herbert was greatly attached, and to whom he wrote the day before his suicide begging for burial in his cemetery plot. I'Anson's house, which the author often visited, is still standing, and members of his family, who cherish sympathetic memories of Herbert, reside in the vicinage. By their direction we trace the site of his hermitage beneath

the dark evergreens that embosomed it, we find the trees he rooted, the course of his path across the cemetery to the highway, the spot where he last parted with his wife and where he designed to end his own wretched existence.

Not far from this spot, in the center of the cemetery for whose dedication he wrote the ode and where he often strolled as he planned his compositions, he rests in the refuge he sought. Solemnly observing every wish expressed by poor Herbert in that last pathetic letter to his neighbor, the faithful I'Anson and a silent, sorrowful group of friends laid the wounded body here in the loving lap of earth without a word of priestly prayer or benediction. Eighteen years afterward a belated orison was uttered above him, and the local Herbert Association erected the simple slab that marks his grave. A relative of his, Mrs. Margaret Herbert Mathers, —herself the writer of many graceful sketches,— planted upon the mound ivy brought from the seat of the noble English family from which he was descended, and this has grown until grave and stone are thickly mantled with the dark foliage, save where a loving hand keeps it trimmed away to show the inscription dictated by Herbert to his friend, the simplest record of his years and the one expressive word, "Infelicissimus."

In the shade and quiet of the place all things

breathe of the rest and "surcease of sorrow" he risked so much to gain. About him are the scenes he loved and haunted; swaying boughs bend above his bed, a near-by pine sighs in the summer wind, and, in many a leafy covert, birds sing for him the requiem which man refused.

WHERE STOCKTON WROTE HIS STORIES

Rutherford Home – Scenes of Rudder Grange – Pomona – Other Characters – The Holt, Madison – Author's Workshop – Historic Morristown and its Writers – Virginia Scenes of Fiction – Mrs. Null – Ardis Claverden, etc. – Stockton's Present Home – Study – Conversations – Method of Literary Work – Solutions of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc.

WE may fitly begin the present ramble at the place where the previous ramble ended, the shaded bank of the Passaic where, by the site of his ruined home, poor Henry William Herbert sleeps in a suicide's grave while his own "Cedars" whisper above him of the silence and mystery.

Above Newark the once "pure and pellucid streme" is bordered by trees beneath which a pleasant highway follows the curving river-bank and brings us to the pretty, park-like town of Rutherford and to scenes of Frank R. Stockton's life and work. The "Roundabout Rambles," the "Ting-a-ling," and other minor stories had been written and much editorial work had been wrought by him before he came to this place, but it was here that his phenomenally successful literary career really began with that first — and perhaps best — distinctively Stocktonese story, "Rudder Grange," whose scenes and characters he found in and about his Rutherford home.

His quondam abode here is now numbered one hundred and ninety-two Passaic Avenue, and stands, practically unchanged since his occupancy, upon a green, shaded slope which falls away toward the river and the sunset. It is a pleasant and picturesque frame cottage of two stories, with pretty porches and bay-windows, and cozy rooms whose western casements afford us an enchanting prospect. We look down a long decline to the fringe of overhanging trees that conceals the river, and see, rising from its farther margin, a mild acclivity checkered with verdant fields that stretch away to the darker woodlands, above which mounts distant Watchung, its wooded ridge indented by the historic Great Notch. Between us and the far mountain lies Montclair, where dwelt John Habberton when he wrote "Helen's Babies," and Nutley, where Henry C. Bunner lived and produced delightful poems and books. At Nutley, too, lived Mr. Stockton's friend, for whose evening party the distractful story of "The Lady or the Tiger?" was originally designed.

The Stockton cottage is placed in the midst of a greensward dotted here and there with shrubbery and broken by the flower-beds which the German servant-girl of "Rudder Grange" decorated with the border of ham-bones with flower seeds planted in their marrow cavities. By the roadside is more

than one tree that might have borne the cabalistic inscription which frightened away the tramps ; and upon the lawn, before and beside the cottage, are dark evergreens and other tall trees that stood here in Mr. Stockton's day, among which we may make our choice — it will not be disputed — of the one in which the dog, Lord Edward, "treed" the tree-man. With the same freedom may we locate for ourselves, in the clear space behind the dwelling, the arena of the dog-fight — instigated by Pomona and witnessed by the "'Piscopal minister" — which made the male Rudder Granger a church vestryman. Other scenes, like the site of the summer camp of the Ardens, — afterward occupied by the ex-boarder, — are not far away, and a stroll along the shady river-bank will sometimes discover the remains of more than one canal-boat which may have been the prototype of the first "Rudder Grange," since, for the purposes of the tale, Mr. Stockton transferred that famous craft from the Harlem River to the neighborhood of his home.

Most of the characters of that inimitably humorous story may be identified more definitely, being, even to the rascally old John, persons whom the author observed at Rutherford.

The unique Pomona who figures so prominently in the tale was a maid-of-all-work here in the Stockton household. She was procured from a

charitable institution of New York and bore in real life a name so absurdly romantic that it must have been assumed. This hand-maiden had in her mental composition the same odd combination of the practical with the sentimental which is attributed to Pomona, and with it all of Pomona's eccentricities, including her habit of reading to herself, in distinct syllables and very loud tones, the most harrowing tales of agony and blood. Other even less endurable peculiarities of hers caused the Stocktons to part with her after a few months, and the subsequent career of the girl is more or less a matter of mystery, for in real life she did not marry Jonas and undergo all those irresistibly droll experiences which the author invents for her in his fiction. She thought herself to be a "born actress," and Mr. Stockton has more than once led or left this present writer to infer that she went upon the stage, not "to scrub the stage and work up by scrubbing the galleries," but to rise to eminence on more ambitious and remunerative histrionic lines. Which of our successful actresses she is *not* Mr. Stockton will readily tell us, but which she is has never been extorted from him.

The German servant and the canine Lord Edward were actualities, and the character of "the boarder" was suggested by a veritable boarder who was the friend of the Stocktons and shared their home.

The "nearest neighbor," who, in the story, lived "within vigorous shouting distance"—he would not be the nearest now, for other dwellings have been erected closer by than his pleasant domicile—was the author's especial friend, Doctor Williams, with whom the Stocktons sojourned for a time after they had relinquished this cottage home. The little toddler—himself "scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk to other people"—who served the Rudder Grangers with their accustomed "lacteal pint" was also real, and came daily to the Stocktons' kitchen-door from a neighboring farm-house, which is now used by the Salvation Army as a children's home. The scheming old John was, not long ago, still living in the neighborhood.

The vexatious incidents of the house-hunting, which are so humorously narrated in the first chapter of the story, were part of the actual experiences of Mr. Stockton and his wife in the quest which resulted in their taking the Rutherford cottage, and throughout the book, mingled with the quaint situations and comical incidents, are vistas of a simple and happy domestic life which may easily have been the author's in this unpretentious home.

It is noteworthy that this story of "Rudder Grange," which proved such an instant and complete success and gained for its author international fame, was "declined with thanks" by several pub-

lishers before one was found willing to take the risks of its publication.

The slopes of yonder Watchung Mountain have been the retreat of many famed in literature or art, and in one home of lettered refinement upon its summit Hamilton W. Mabie sits by his "Study Fire" or "Under the Trees" to ponder and write his volumes of brilliant and scholarly essays; the region beyond is the "hill country of New Jersey," — scene of "The Great Stone of Sardis," — and there, near the head-waters of the stream which flows by his Rutherford cottage, we find a later home of Mr. Stockton. This home has been, more than any other, associated with his literary work and is therefore paramount in our interest and affection.

From the western verge of an elevated plateau, midway between Madison and Morristown, a wooded promontory juts into the romantic valley of the Loantaka, and upon this eminence is set the mansion which, for a decade of years, held our author's Lares and Penates. The approach is by a broad avenue, shaded by tall elms and shapely maples, whence a driveway circles across a lawn and among trees and shrubbery to the entrance door.

The house is an ample and imposing structure of wood of irregular design, with a fine portico in front

and with balconies beneath its arched windows; from one portion of the roof rises among the tree-tops a multi-storied square tower — erected for an observatory by a former owner, Professor Kitchell, of the State Geological Survey — which gave to the mansion the name of "The Tower House," by which it was locally known for forty years. This appellation was superseded by "The Holt" (old Saxon for wooded hill), the name appropriately bestowed by Stockton. Within, high-ceiled rooms of generous size flank upon either side a central hall— parlors upon the left, and a dining-room on the right.

To the northwest corner of the mansion Stockton added the study; it is a spacious apartment, with panelled ceiling, and with windows that look out upon an entrancing landscape of green and golden fields and farther forest-clad hills — a prospect whose beauties surely must have sometimes allured the author's vision from the grotesque mental pictures that were being portrayed upon his page. The tiles beneath the study mantel bear this apt invocation,

> "Yee that frequent the Hilles and highest Holtes of All,
> Assist me with your skilful Quilles and listen when I call,"

which Stockton told us was discovered by Mary Mapes Dodge in the verse of quaint old Turberville

and sent to "The Holt" several years ago. In this study were produced many of his thirty or more books — he never counted them — including, among others, "The House of Martha," "The Squirrel Inn," "Pomona's Travels," "Adventures of Captain Horn," "The Girl at Cobhurst," "The Great Stone of Sardis," "The Associate Hermits," and many minor stories and sketches.

Of the tales written here, the scenes of only a few of the short ones are laid in the vicinage, excepting only the marvelous "Great Stone of Sardis," which, in a general way, is located in this highland region of New Jersey. It has been said Stockton discovered the original of the sign of "The Squirrel Inn" during one of his drives along a woodland road not far from this home, but that crooked hostelry is itself placed upon a different and distant site.

Arthur B. Frost, the famous artist in black and white, who lives at the farther end of a path which leads across a field from "The Holt," was the illustrator of "Rudder Grange," and it is believed that his own form is pictured as that of the male Rudder Granger.

More than once was it our privilege to visit Stockton here in his study, to walk with him under the trees that crown the hilltop, or sit in converse with him upon the lawn while soft winds murmured

in the foliage overhead, and the air was caressed with song. From the smooth sward rise stately spruces which partially hide the mansion from the highway, and in the depths of their foliage are room-like recesses of summer shade and coolness, where hammocks and rustic seats tempted the loiterer to "sweet doing-nothing." The hill falls away upon three sides,— as described by Stockton in "My Terminal Moraine,"— its slopes clothed with noble old forest trees, oaks, chestnuts, poplars, hickories, which are surviving members of the wood that once covered the country-side. Flowers and shrubs deck the grounds about the house; a tall screen of evergreen conceals stable, orchard, and garden at the one side, and, by the farther margin of the lawn upon the other side, a great oak — called by the *genius loci* the "Corner Oak" — shades with its wide-spreading branches a rustic seat and a reach of velvet turf. Paths wind along the slope and among the trees, and lead to cozy retreats and sightly outlooks.

Sweeping away in every direction to a far horizon of green hills is an expanse of field, orchard, and woodland, through which Mr. Stockton took his daily afternoon drive behind his favorite roadsters. Southward the long range of Watchung bounds a broad champaign, in another direction rise the loftier summits of the central highlands, and away in the

north are heights which look down upon the storied Ramapo. Yonder, in the middle-distance, lies historic Morristown,— described as "Marrowfat" by the author of "Rutledge," who once lived and wrote there,— where we find the theater of one of Mr. Stockton's "Stories of New Jersey"; there, too, we see the home of Thomas Nast and the sometime abode of Bret Harte, who laid the scenes of his story of "Thankful Blossom" in and around that delightful old town.

Nearer, at the foot of Stockton's wooded hill, stretches the lovely valley of the Loantaka, with its pathetic memories of patriotic endurance and endeavor; just beyond the verdant ridge that borders the valley on the west is the ancient farm-house, "with its shaded yard and the great willow behind it," once the home of "Tempe Wick" and the scene of the occurrences upon which Stockton's story is founded, where we may yet see the back room in which the heroine secreted her steed to save it from the soldiery; and farther among these sunset hills is the home of John Gilmer Speed, the gifted grand-nephew of the poet of "Endymion."

Stockton has always loved Virginia,— the State which gave his mother birth and was the girlhood home of the lady who is now his wife,— and since his marriage he has made frequent and prolonged

sojourns in that venerable Commonwealth. Not far from the banks of the historic Appomattox, in the black belt of southern Virginia, is Paineville, the home of Mrs. Stockton's relatives, and three miles away is Elmwood, the scene of several of Mr. Stockton's Southern stories. This old mansion figures in "The Late Mrs. Null" as the home of the heroine, Roberta March. An idea of the age of this ample edifice is given by the fact that a room which was added for the use of visitors is still called "the new room," although it was a hundred years old at the time of Stockton's long visit to the place. Upon its broad lawn a summer office, upheld by wooden piles, stands in the shade of tall trees, and this was the author's workshop during extended visits to the place. Here many of his stories, including "The Lady or the Tiger?" were dictated to his wife, and many more — among them being his first novel, "The Late Mrs. Null" — were conceived and mentally elaborated to be written after his return to the North.

In the vicinage of this homestead are laid the scenes of more than one incident of his tales: the hamlet of Paineville, three miles distant, figures as Akeville in "What Might Have Been Expected," Midbranch and other scenes of "The Late Mrs. Null" were suggested to the author by places known to him here, and pictured with more or less dis-

tinctness in his pages. Of the negro characters who appear in his stories of Southern life most were drawn from the colored people in Paineville and at Elmwood. The Uncle Pete of "A Story of Seven Devils" was a real negro preacher; the Grandison Pratt and Brother 'Bijah of "Grandison's Quandary," the Aunt Judy of "What Might Have Been Expected," the Plez, Peggy, Uncle Isham, and Aunt Patsy of "The Late Mrs. Null," Uncle Elijah of "The Cloverfields Carriage," as well as John William Webster, Brother Enoch, and the rest, are portraitures of persons then existent hereabout. Some individuals, like Uncle Braddock and Aunt Matilda, wear in his fiction the names by which they were known in real life, and highly elated were they by the distinction thus conferred.

A few of his white characters were more or less definitely suggested by persons the author met. Some of the incidents of his stories were actual occurrences in this neighborhood and were made known to him here: such, for instance, are the events of "A Story of Seven Devils" and "The Cloverfields Carriage"; while the incident of Mrs. Keswick's revenge never happened as it is narrated, something did occur so much like it as to suggest to the quick-witted author that astonishing episode.

Among the outlying mountains near the eastern base of the Blue Ridge is another Virginia resort of

Stockton. Here, at a country-place, sometime a part of the estate of Jefferson, who lived near by and gave to this seat the name of Lego, which it still bears, our author dwelt during five fruitful summers. His hosts were descendants of the illustrious writer of the Declaration of Independence, and the symmetrical summit of Monticello, with its crown of foliage, is a pleasing feature of the broad and animating landscape. Miles of the green valley of the Rivanna are in view, low mountains and rounded hills cluster upon either hand, and on the western horizon the Ridge, a mighty wall, upholds the sky.

The mansion in which Stockton sojourned was destroyed by fire a few years ago and its successor is built in different fashion, but the great trees, beneath which was his study in the summer days, remain upon the sward. Lying in his hammock here, with Mrs. Stockton seated near at a little table with quaint side-wings, that once was Jefferson's writing-stand, he recounted to her his humorous conceits, which she rapidly recorded. Here were written several short stories and the novel of "Ardis Claverden," the scenes of which are found in this locality,—Bald Hill, the home of the bewitching heroine, Heatherley, the seat of the Crantons, and other scenes being pen pictures of places in this rolling region at the foot of the mountains.

Stockton's Present Home

Near the storied Shenandoah, at the western base of the Blue Ridge, in that picturesque region of West Virginia which "Porte Crayon"—who lived in the adjoining county—loved to picture, lies Claymont, the present home of Stockton. Journeying up the historic valley, through which for five cruel years ebbed and flowed the tides of fratricidal war, we find two miles beyond Charles Town, where John Brown was executed, a driveway leading to the left from the highroad; if we follow its curves for three quarters of a mile through a wide stretch of woodland, we come to the country-seat which is the object of our quest.

It is set in the midst of an estate of three thousand acres,—once owned by Washington,—of which one hundred and fifty acres of diversified forest, lawn, and meadow are now the property of our fanciful magician. The mansion, planned by Washington, erected by Washington's grand-nephew and named for a Washington homstead in England, is a venerable structure of buff-colored brick, of ample and imposing proportions, built in the sedate colonial style. Dormer windows peep from the roofs; a tall tile-floored portico protects the northern entrance; a glass-inclosed conservatory projects from the south; a deep veranda shades the length of this front and, along the central part of the mansion, rises—two stories high—to the eaves. Smaller edifices, one utilized as an "annex for visitors" and the other

occupied by the servants of the family, stand at the eastern and western sides of the house and are connected with it by walls of brick, inclosing courtyards. The dwelling is pleasantly placed upon a slight elevation among romantic and inspiring scenes: on the north, only an undulating strip of sward separates it from grand old woods; on the south, a wide lawn extends to terraced gardens, green pastures, and farther forests beyond which a great expanse of the beautiful valley is in view and many miles of the bordering mountain-chain, the Blue Ridge, visible in fine weather to the heights which overhang the Potomac at historic Harper's Ferry.

The interior of the mansion more than fulfils the promise of its exterior. A hall of baronial proportions, lined with handsomely carven oaken panels, adjoins the entrance; opening out of this are the principal rooms—parlor, dining-room, library, all lofty and spacious apartments tastefully fitted and furnished.

Adjoining the library is the study in which the creator of Sarah Block, Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine and the procession of inimitable Stocktonian characters dictates the stories which delight the world of readers. Here the privileged visitor may sit with the master of the place—a quiet, mild-mannered man, slight of figure, vibrant of voice, strong yet mobile of face, with hair and mustache of iron gray, and

with large, dark, luminous eyes that behold everything about them—responsive eyes that dance with merriment or deepen with feeling.

The study in which his literary work is done is of all places the one most meet for a chat with the author concerning his books. It is a vast, cheerful, pleasantly furnished apartment, occupying the western end of the mansion. Its six great double windows look northward into the forest of oaks and southward far along the sunny valley. An open desk stands near one window and a large oval table holds a few volumes of reference, but there is little in the room to suggest the literary workshop. The usual disorder of manuscripts, papers, and books is conspicuously absent and we look in vain for some justification of the averment of a visitor that, while the touch of the lady is seen in the other apartments, the tiger evidently holds undisputed sway in the study: except for an array of unanswered letters upon the desk, this room is as orderly as any other in that well-ordered house.

The bookcase in the study is mostly filled with the different editions of Stockton's own books, from "The Ting-a-ling Stories" to "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," including translations into several languages: of these, one cherished volume is an Italian version of "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," the work of a young lady spending

a winter in Rome, who made the translation, engrossed the whole book with her pen, illustrated it with spirited drawings, tastefully illuminated the initial capitals, and bound the volume in sumptuous old vellum as an offering to her favorite author. Among the curios upon the case are fantastic figures in flannel of the lady and the tiger—in this instance the lady is riding the tiger—and of Mrs. Lecks equipped for shipwreck with an umbrella and a metallic case of provisions, her features being delineated in sepia upon a facies of hickory-nut. Another grotesque image, a diminutive Japanese manikin that savagely thrusts a great sword when his spinal cord is pulled upon, was the gift of Mary L. Booth, the late editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and represents "The Discourager of Hesitancy." A murderous-looking oriental blade, which lies conveniently near, is probably displayed with intent to intimidate the visitor who might be tempted to ask in person of the long-suffering author which it really was, "The Lady or the Tiger?" It may be safer to discharge that perennial question at him at longer range and through the medium of the mails.

In this study Stockton is, when at home, regularly engaged for about three hours of each morning. In his literary work he never writes with his own hand but dictates to a deft stenographer; when we mention, among the manifest advantages of this method

his immunity from scrivener's paralysis, he exclaims in mock dismay, "But what if it should attack my jaw?"

Seated here in the easiest of easy-chairs, he narrates the first draft of his matchless stories, which usually—even to the conversations and the minutest details—have been constructed in his mind perhaps months before a word of them is written. Rarely there may be a question concerning some matter of the story, or a doubt as to the very best word to be employed, which must be duly deliberated and settled in the author's mind before the dictation can be commenced or resumed, and, as "The Discourager of Hesitancy" is not permitted to prompt his creator with the whispered "I am here," it sometimes happens that the stenographer has little or nothing in her note-book at the end of the session. Under favorable conditions fifteen hundred words is an average morning's work. From this first draft the copy for the printer is made by the secretary in an upper room of the house, whence the sharp clatter of the type-writer is inaudible to the household.

Of all his humorous works the author most enjoyed writing "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." He sometime knew those delightful old ladies in the flesh,—they are both dead now,—and although in real life they never had any of the experiences imagined for them in

the story, they possessed, with the other quaint peculiarities described, the ultra-practical habit of mind which would prompt them to do just the things imputed to them in the tale if similarly circumstanced. A majority of readers have preferred "Rudder Grange," if we may judge by the comparative circulation of his books; the phenomenal sales of "The Late Mrs. Null," his first long novel, led for a time, but the popular demand for that book has not been so continuous and persistent as for the earlier favorite.

Of the female characters of his fiction, Mr. Stockton confesses to an especial fondness for the racy and piquant "Ardis Claverden." The long-sought type of this heroine was finally found in a famous American authoress of our day, who, sufficiently disguised, stood as the pattern: Ardis is a name hereditary in the family of the author's mother, down in Virginia.

The much discussed sketch, "The Lady or the Tiger?" which drove a host of readers to the brink of madness, was written nearly twenty years ago, but the epistolary and controversial consequences of that conundrum have occupied not a little of the author's time and attention ever since. Letters from all sorts and conditions of people, demanding or entreating private information as to which door the lover opened, have come in such

numbers that Mr. Stockton once contemplated having a printed answer prepared declaring that he had no idea himself which it was. Letters of inquiry are still received, but in diminished numbers, and usually from the second generation of readers of the perplexing problem.

The correspondents who themselves gave an express answer to the question were about evenly divided in opinion between the lady and the tiger; it is notable that the poet Browning was among those who thought that the lady sent her lover to the tiger. Some of the solutions of the problem were fortified by pages of reasoning which had manifestly cost the writers much thought, and of the many and diverse extensions of the story suggested by correspondents the author tells us of not a few that are interesting and ingenious. According to one of these, the tiger during the preliminary proceedings of the tribunal broke into the compartment of the lady and devoured her; then, being gorged with his repast, he lazily walked out when his door was opened and lay down to sleep upon the sands of the arena. In another version the lady's door was opened and the young man was accordingly married to her, and speedily found in her temper and disposition the evidence that he had acquired both the lady and the tiger. A more felicitous termination is foreshadowed by still another

version in which the princess herself is secreted behind the door on the right, while a friend of hers, disguised in her robes, occupies her seat by the king's side, and by a movement of the hand to the right indicates to the lover which door he shall open.

The location of Stockton's new home in this beautiful valley suggested the title of the superb library edition of his works recently published. Since his removal to Claymont, revising and reading proof for this Shenandoah edition have occupied much of his time, and he has also written several delightful short stories. As yet no completed book has been produced in this ideal retreat, but we may be assured that in other years he will here conjure additional Stocktonese personages, combinations, and plots, and produce more of those droll delineations of human character which, for his readers, make old earth a sunnier and happier abode, and which "will outlive a thousand laughs, because fun is only their color and not their substance."

THE HAUNTS OF WALT WHITMAN

Camden – The Ferry – Whitman's Comrades – Where his Mother Died – Stevens Street – Eminent Visitors – Mickle Street House – Poet's Chamber and Associations – Poems – Relics – Timber Creek – Whitman's Resorts in Field and Wood – His Funeral – His Tomb.

HOWEVER widely opinions concerning Walt Whitman may differ, he cannot be ignored; whether we esteem him a poet and seer, or a shameless charlatan, we cannot deny to him a prominent place in American literature. The revilings of the multitude for whom his utterances contained no tidings, and the superlative encomiums of the lesser number, who, like Tennyson, thought him one of the greatest of contemporary poets, or, like Emerson, found his work "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed," serve to invest the daring writer with a peculiar interest, and to render the spots once associated with his presence and poems places of curious attention or of veritable pilgrimage. Some of the scenes of his youth and young manhood have been sketched in a previous booklet of these papers.[1]

[1] See "A Long Island Ramble" in "Literary Haunts and Homes of American Authors."

The circumstances of his later life, the bravely-borne sufferings of his last years, and the splendid optimism which illuminates his poetic productions of that period have imparted to his haunts and habitations of that later time an element of especial regard in the estimation of those who have loved the poet and perceived his message. Most of these shrines lie near his own "placid Delaware" and in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. One of the many confessed "Whitmaniacs" is our conductor and companion in repeated pilgrimages to the places where he had known the good gray poet. The broad Delaware is itself a reminder of Whitman; its flowing tides, its varying phases of surface, its reflections of fleckless light, of drifting clouds, of golden haze, of starlit heaven were all noted by him as he "cross'd and cross'd" upon the ferry. Here for hours together he haunted the boats, chatting with the boatmen or mutely observing the passengers, the moving river-craft, the flying birds, the "fluid shadows," the changing sky; or, more often, in the silent hours of "full-starr'd, blue-black night," pacing the deck alone, communing with the water, the air, the heaven — objects that "speak no word, nothing to the intellect, yet so eloquent, so communicative to the soul." How far these objects affected his muse, or how much of his devout and optimistic master-verse was here begotten of the

contemplations such objects inspired, we may never know.

Some of these river sights and scenes he depicted in the graphic prose of his "Specimen Days," which Dr. Bucke has called "the brightest and halest 'Diary of an Invalid' ever written"; the same pages bear loving testimony to the friendliness of the ferrymen, and the tonic and healthful influence upon the poet of their "hardy ways." It chances that we cross the river upon the *Wenonah*, the craft which, as "the new ferry-boat," Whitman celebrated as a "perfect creation of beauty and motion and power"; and we find in Camden more than one of the poet's "ferry-friends," whom he mentioned by name in "Specimen Days," who, with evident enjoyment, recount incidents of his many excursions with them upon the river and exhibit the few simple articles that were his gifts.

In Camden streets and shops we meet many who for years had daily greeted the venerable poet as, with leonine head crowned with silvery hair, with ruddy, bearded and benignant face, with stout, broad-shouldered figure clad in well-worn garb of gray, with snowy linen open at the throat, with a friendly nod of recognition and a deep-voiced salutation for every one, he slowly limped along the sidewalk, or drove his horse and buggy — the gift of a circle of admirers — or, later, was wheeled in

his chair by his trusty attendant, Warren Fritzinger. "Warry" is dead and Whitman's chair now is the valued possession of his next-door neighbor, upon an invalid member of whose family the poet bestowed it when his own increasing illness forbade his using it more.

An unpretentious dwelling in Stevens Street — a neat and quiet thoroughfare leading back from the river — was for a time the home of Colonel George Whitman, the brother whose wounds — received at Fredericksburg — first drew the poet to the seat of war and led to the beneficent and self-sacrificing hospital labors to which we owe such poems as "The Wound-Dresser" and "A March in the Ranks Hard-press'd," and the thrilling and impressive records of his "Memoranda of the War." In this house Whitman witnessed the death of his adored mother, that "sweetest and best woman" to whose memory he wrote long years afterward in "As at thy Portals also, Death":

"To her, buried and gone, yet buried not, gone not from me,
(I see again the calm face, fresh and beautiful still;)
To her, the ideal woman, practical, spiritual, of all of earth,
life, love, to me the best,
I grave a monumental line, before I go."

A newer house a block or so above upon the same thoroughfare became a little later the residence of Colonel Whitman, and, the poet's physical prostration

having been completed by the shock of his mother's death, he relinquished his post at Washington and was brought here — to die, as he supposed. In the long dark years that followed, his hope, health and finances were at their lowest ebb, but after a period of pain and isolation, patiently endured "amid the nearness and the silent thought of death," he slowly attained to that condition of half-health of which he so often spoke, and—"old, poor and paralyzed"—lived on.

We find this dwelling numbered four hundred and thirty-one, a neat and modest fabric of red brick, with white stone steps and lintels, and with a French window at the side, still owned by Whitman's younger brother but no longer occupied by him, and nowise changed since the poet was here an inmate. Two stalwart maples grow by the curbstone in front, and old residents of the neighborhood remember Whitman, with his antique Greek face and snowy beard, as he sat upon the doorstep in the shade of these trees, chatting with his friends and cordially greeting each passer.

The pleasant back room of the third floor was occupied by the poet during most of the ten years of his stay beneath this roof, and here some of the literary labor of those years was accomplished, his completed manuscript being carefully composed from memoranda penciled in home-made note-books

wherever the ideas came to him, upon the ferry-boats, by the seashore, on the street, in the woods and fields. To this period belong, among other works, the pregnant and luminous prose of "Specimen Days," the devout stanzas of "The Prayer of Columbus," with other poems of "From Noon to Starry Night," and the complete revision of "Leaves of Grass," the book in whose candid and passionate utterances some have found a new gospel that would "take the shame from birth," as well as "the crape from death," and regenerate mankind. In the little sitting-room at the left of the entrance hall occurred the first interview between Whitman and his biographer, Dr. Bucke. To the poet here came such visitors as Longfellow, Burroughs, Colonel Forney, Lord Houghton, and appreciative messages of greeting and cheer from Emerson, Ruskin, Rossetti, Tennyson, Swinburne, Conway, Buchanan, Edwin Arnold, Justin H. McCarthy, Joaquin Miller, John Addington Symonds and other approving friends.

In 1883 Colonel Whitman removed from Camden and the poet came into possession of the residence which is most commonly associated with his name and fame. It stands in the next (Mickle) street, but a little way from the humble tenement in which Mrs. Howarth ("Clementine") wrote the tender lyric "'Tis But a Little Faded Flower," and not much farther from the old two-storied, dormer-win-

dowed brick cottage where Audubon dwelt for a time while making some of the excursions and researches upon which his journals and sketches were founded. Mickle is a street of small and unpretentious dwellings, with brick sidewalks and rude cobblestone pavement, resonant this summer morning with the cries of venders and the clatter of jolting carts. Whitman's "shanty" (as he called it), the little two-storied, box-like fabric of six rooms now numbered three hundred and thirty, is one of the humbler dwellings of the neighborhood, and, exteriorly, is scarcely changed since we visited him here:[1] a few long-needed repairs have been made and the front has been painted, but the weather-worn boards, the old shutters and doors, and the prevailing aspect of dejection so familiar to the poet's friends remain.

The house is still owned by his estate and his name is upon the marble stepping-stone at the curb, but the gentle-faced Mary Davis—Whitman's "good, faithful Jersey woman"—who used to open the door to visitors is succeeded by one who expects a fee for showing the place, and the once sacred rooms, so long the dwelling-place of the venerable bard, have since been profaned by lodgers. In the one apartment which was peculiarly Whitman's own, the large front chamber which was his sleeping-room,

[1] See "Literary Shrines."

his workshop and the store-house for the literary collections of his lifetime, the changes are most obvious. The mass of books, papers, magazines and manuscripts which used to fill the tables, chairs, trunks and cases and to overflow upon the floor, have been removed by his literary executors; the portraits and some other articles are in possession of his brother at Burlington, New Jersey; Mrs. Davis has removed other effects which belonged to her, and one table which no one, apparently, thought worth taking away has been exposed in the yard.

This poor place was for nine years the abode of him who has been called one of the world's immortals. Here,

"A batter'd, wreck'd old man,"

dependent mainly upon the support of transatlantic admirers, he lived in poverty, much of the time in corporal suffering,—"cheerfully borne when cheer was possible and patiently when cheer became impossible,"—unaffected by derision, unembittered by abuse, never losing faith in his daring ideals nor in the great American humanity which he chanted.

The low-studded chamber seems poor and commonplace, yet it has held some of earth's shining ones, who bore to its occupant their contributions of honor and praise, and to it have come, as pilgrims to a fane, visitors from every part of our own coun-

try and from lands beyond the sea. Here, during the lulls of physical pain, was done much of the indoor work of Whitman's last years, the years in which he gave to the world the poems of "Sands at Seventy," "Good-Bye, My Fancy," "Old Age Echoes," with their effulgence of faith, and his swan-song with its affectionate greeting to Death, that

> "holiest minister of Heaven — envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,
> Rich, florid loosener of the stricture-knot called life,
> Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death."

Such poems, written within the mystic borderland of the unknown, fitly concluded his epic, "Leaves of Grass"; with its completion he deemed his life-work done and fearlessly turned his face toward the shoreless sea. In this room he sank in mortal illness, slowly dying through long months, and here finally was effectuated his "Last Invocation."

> "At the last, tenderly . . .
> Let me be wafted,
> Let me glide noiselessly forth;
> With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a whisper
> Set ope the doors, O soul."

Those who knew this chamber ere it was deprived of the presence which illumined it will love to recall its arrangement and associations. Just here stood his large table with its array of books and papers; here is the place of his heavy-timbered arm-

chair, with its ratan seat and great wolf-skin robe; on this side stood the old-fashioned wood-stove; by yonder front window was his favorite nook where he sat to look out upon the street, to play with his pets or to write upon his knee with the pencil or huge Falcon pen kept upon the window-ledge; by yonder wall was the white-counterpaned bed on which he languished and died. In the cheerless little back parlor the dead poet lay in his massive oaken casket, while thronging thousands filed slowly past to look for the last time upon his countenance.

A near-by street now holds the simple home of Mrs. Davis, the "Jersey woman" who so long "took vigilant care of" the poet, as he gratefully testified, where the visitor may see many reminders of him, the plaster cast of his head, made two years before his death, and most of the effects which furnished his Mickle Street dwelling—including his bedstead and the chair in which he last sat. But a little farther away lives Horace L. Traubel, for years Whitman's intimate friend and assistant and now one of his literary executors, who affectionately preserves numerous priceless mementos of this poet of democracy,—among them being the old and worn haversack which, in his "Drum-Taps" days, Whitman carried on his devoted rounds among the hospitals and which has held thousands of needed gifts and comforts for sick and dying heroes; in Traubel's

hands, too, we see the poet's own soiled and tattered copy of the original edition of "Leaves of Grass," with its many marginal notes and oft-corrected memoranda in his careful chirography.

A lonely farm on Timber Creek, some miles distant from Whitman's home, was during many years his sanitarium and best beloved retreat. To its restful seclusion he resorted in all seasons and often for long periods, to spend "dear, soothing, healthy restoration-hours" in solitary saunterings among the fields and woods. Here, where he was close to nature and thoroughly *en rapport* with her moods, some of his idyllic canticles were conceived, and pages of "Specimen Days" and "November Boughs" were written amid the rural charms which animated them and the scenes those pages picture.

The place is a solitude no longer; its whole atmosphere and environment are changed. The household with whom Whitman dwelt are dead or scattered, the farm-house is overshadowed by new and pretentious dwellings,— one of which encroaches upon its yard,— the adjacent fields are traversed by streets and divided into building-plots, and a town is planned and partly built about Whitman's whilom haunts. His "hobby-liking," the long farm lane, fenced with old rails "green with dabs of moss," where he used to walk with labored pace and breathe the honey-scent of the

buckwheat or the subtler perfume of the growing maize, is now expanded into an ambitious village "avenue"; the adjoining field of his sketch, "Gathering the Corn," is the site of several houses; other dwellings occupy the once grassy upland inclosure at the end of the lane to which he resorted in the "miracle-hours" after sunsetting, when the heavens declared the glory of God and the view "calmed and exalted his soul beyond description."

But many more of his haunts remain here undisturbed or undestroyed. Of these Whitman's descriptions are so vivid that we scarce require the guidance of his friend in our quest for them: the course of a lingering stroll, made on a spotless, odor-laden summer morning which would have delighted the heart of the aged minstrel, discovers them all. The spring ceaselessly gurgling under the willows —"musical as soft-clinking glasses"— where he sat in sultry afternoons; the wild dell of his Adamic sun-baths, whose recesses "he and certain thrushes and catbirds had all to themselves" in many a summer hour; his lounges by the pond where he sometimes "idled deliciously" far into the night; his favorite trees — the great oak, "sturdy, vital, green," beneath which he often sat to write, and that "Apollo of the woods" the near-by tulip tree, "tall and graceful, yet robust and sinewy, as if the beauteous leafy creature could

walk if it only would" — the trees that once, in the fancy of the poet, promenaded the turf, leaning down to whisper to him as they passed, "We do all this exceptionally, just for you."

We follow the wooded windings of the brook upon whose banks he loved to linger, soothed and inspirited by the murmur of waters and the bravuras of birds — the only sounds that broke the "warm, indolent, half-voluptuous silence." We explore the recesses of his grove, which "the Albic Druids might have chosen," and find there and in the cool depths of the farther wood the retreats to which he came bearing his portable chair to sit — "absorbing, enjoying all" — as he "read and filtered" his favorite authors, or wrote with the leaf-shadows quivering upon his page. We tarry long in silent thought in the wild, free place of his daily haunt, where the poet and seer so often mused on his "sane or sick spirit, here as near at peace as it could be," and where we would fain have made his grave when that spirit had, beyond death's portal, attained to perfect peace —

"The untold want, by life ne'er granted."

Harleigh Cemetery, a mile or so outside of Camden, is the place Whitman selected for his burial. On a steep hillside clothed by natural

forest trees — oaks, beeches, and hickories — he prepared his sepulcher, designing it himself, and coming frequently, until cumulative imfirmities prevented, to supervise the work of construction, which was completed but a little time before his death.

To this spot, chosen by the bard because, as he said, he wished "to go into the woods," his mortal part was brought one bright day of March, seventy-three years after that other spring day when, in his own loved "lilac-time," he came into the world. The coffined body was borne by friends and literary associates and followed by thousands of that vast multitude of the "common people" his song exalted and glorified, who stood under the whispering trees about his tomb and listened to tender and eloquent words of eulogy, to excerpts from his own grand utterances, and saw him given back to "nature's clasp and kiss."

From the cemetery entrance a drive dappled with leafy shadows winds through the woods to the left, and conducts us to Whitman's resting-place. It is a capacious vault of ponderous, rough-tooled blocks of granite, surmounted by a triangular mass, weighing several tons, which is graven with his name. The massive stone door stands ajar and through it we see the sealed crypts which contain the ashes of the poet and of some of his kindred —

his parents, a brother, a brother's wife and her child, and the little Walt Whitman that died in infancy.

Beyond the trees we have glimpses of more artificial portions of the cemetery, with smooth-shaven sward and ornate memorials, but in this spot where the poet lies is preserved something of the primitive naturalness in which he delighted. Creeping vines and leafy boughs closely invest the vault, tall trees tower above it, and one graceful hickory, which was saved from destruction by the interposition of the poet, now drops its heavy fruit at the fern-bordered threshold of his tomb.

As we linger amid the sweet wood-smells we see, through the swaying foliage, the glint of blue sky overhead, the shimmer of near-by waters, shadowy vistas of sylvan beauty on every hand, we hear the murmur of soft winds in the tree-tops, the chatter of squirrels, the liquid music of birds, the shrill song of cicadas — all sights and sounds of sweet summer time. We tarry until other visitors come bringing chaplets of wild-flowers to deck the vault, then we pluck as a memento a single frond from the ferns that grow beside the portal and slowly go out from the place, pausing to look back from a turn in the path and repeat the lines of Stedman's farewell to the hoar and reverend chanter :

"Good-bye, old Walt, good-bye!"

A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE BY THE DELAWARE

Cooper's Ancestors – Birthplace – Burlington – Dr. English – Frank R. Stockton – Bordentown – Hopkinson – Paine – Gilder – Trenton – Where Dr. Abbott Lives and Writes – His Habits of Composition – Places of Discoveries and Sketches – Scenes of Fiction – "Clementine" Howarth.

THE region of the lower Delaware, where our Whitman pilgrimages terminate at his sepulcher, holds other shrines which appeal to the bookish wayfarer. Journeying northward from the Quaker City, we find beyond disfiguring factories the broad river flowing between low-lying banks of green, or, farther, at the base of picturesque bluffs.

Both plain and upland are diversified by sun-kissed fields and heavy-tinted copses, and dotted by villas, villages, and farmsteads, among which are a few favored spots whose beauties have for us the additional charm which literary associations impart.

Several miles of the New Jersey bank were the original possession of the immigrant ancestors of James Fenimore Cooper, and at Beverly is the place of the homestead in which was born and reared the Elizabeth Fenimore who became the wife of William Cooper and the mother of the great pioneer of American fiction. To this home

she returned, in the infancy of the future novelist, to remain during some portion of the time while her husband, who had failed in a commercial venture near by, was preparing a dwelling for his family in the then unbroken wilderness of Otsego — the region which the genius of his son afterward peopled with the creations of fancy and clothed with the witchery of fiction.

We see in the shaded streets of the historic old river-town of Burlington, three miles distant, the birthplace of one who has rendered the name of Cooper illustrious. In a staid and comfortable dwelling, which was among the best the town afforded and then stood in the outskirts,— "the last house but one as you go into the country," — James Fenimore Cooper first opened his eyes to the light September 15, 1789. We find the domicile still remaining, a sober, quaint, two-storied fabric of stuccoed brick, now numbered 457, on Main Street. It is of moderate size and stands close upon the sidewalk, its front shaded by tall trees which grow at the curbstone and overhang the sloping roofs. The similar dwelling next door was then the residence of the father of the naval hero, Captain James Lawrence, with whom Cooper sailed as a subaltern officer of the *Wasp* in 1809, upon one of the voyages which gave to the latter

that intimate knowledge of seamanship afterward displayed in "The Pilot," "Red Rover," and other thrilling tales of the ocean.

Not far away lived an eccentric individual named Sorsby, who has been believed to be the original of one of the principal personages in Cooper's novel of "The Pioneers"; it is remembered of him that the trait most prominent in the character of which he was the alleged prototype eventually wrought his ruin, and he died a pauper in the county almshouse. In an ancient edifice nearer the river on the same street the father of the novelist was, before his son's birth, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and it is to the failure of this merchandising that we are indebted for Cooper's introduction to the scene of so much of his best fiction.

Upon a corner of near-by York Street stands the plain old brick school-house where, seven decades ago, Thomas Dunn English — since famous as the author of "Ben Bolt" and of hundreds of better but less popular poems — was for some years a pupil; here he made a survey map of this ancient town, which was the pride and delight of his master.

The Stocktons were among the early settlers of Burlington. A pretty, vine-embowered dwelling, locally known as "Ivy Cottage," and standing a little back from the corner of Main and Pearl Streets, a short block from the riverside, was once

the abode of the now renowned writer of "Rudder Grange" and many other inimitable books. To this homelet, which aforetime had been the residence of the gallant Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, Stockton came with his bride nearly forty years ago, and here he produced some of his first literary work, including "The Story of Champaigne," which was published in *The Southern Literary Messenger* during the Civil War. The cottage has been renovated and now stands shorn of its picturesque features, a plain and bare box of rough-cast brick. A modest home at the end of Greenbank also was for a time occupied by the future propounder of that classic conundrum, "The Lady or the Tiger?" Horn is a rather common cognomen in this vicinage, and it has been surmised that this appellation was remembered by the author when, long years afterward, he named the heroic captain in the exciting tale of "Adventures." At Juliustown, in the same county, Joshua R. Lippincott, the founder of the great Philadelphia publishing house, was born.

Ten miles beyond Burlington the bluff riverbank is crowned by the storied village of Bordentown, in the shade and quiet of whose quaint old streets the sentimental tourist will be tempted to tarry. Here are prim dwellings whose air of dignified sobriety belongs to a century older than ours, houses which have harbored historic personages,

homes and haunts of literators. One stately Colonial mansion, standing at a corner of the olden Main Street, erstwhile was the domicile of Francis Hopkinson, who here wrote his "harmonious ditty" of the "Battle of the Kegs" and other less popular verse. Later the house became the heritage of his son, Joseph Hopkinson, author of the stirring stanzas of "Hail, Columbia," who dwelt here with his wife, the beautiful belle to whom "Anacreon" Moore addressed his sentimental "Lines written on Leaving Philadelphia." Save for the substitution of a mansard for the ancient sloping roof the mansion remains substantially unchanged, and is now the property of the son and the home of the granddaughter of Judge Hopkinson.

In a commodious dwelling near the verge of the steep bluff Thomas Paine, the once famous writer of "Common Sense," was often the esteemed guest of his friend, Colonel Kirkbride, and the corner room above the parlor at the left of the entrance was occupied by him for months at a time. In those days Paine was "the honored man" of the place, in friendly correspondence with Washington and other Revolutionary leaders; mounted upon his horse, "Button," he was almost daily seen riding in the village streets or through the shady lanes of the near countryside. This Kirkbride house forms now a part of a "Female Col-

lege," and the site of the smaller house, in its "two tenths of an acre" of garden, which Paine later owned and occupied for several years, and where he did some of his less important literary work, has been overbuilt by a store and dwelling. The latter is now inhabited by the daughter of an admirer of Paine, who purchased the place from that author early in the nineteenth century.

Park Street sometime led to the park and palace of Joseph Bonaparte, once King of Spain, and upon this thoroughfare we still see the long, low, straggling structure which was the dwelling of Prince Lucien Murat (nephew of Napoleon), where his accomplished wife conducted a school for girls.

The Gilders have long been associated with this old town, which holds the birthplace of at least one eminent member of that family. Above a century has elapsed since an ancestor of the present trio of editors and writers erected, a half-mile out upon the Crosswicks road, the home in which the poet Richard Watson Gilder was born fifty-five years ago. This is "The Homestead" he celebrated in the poem written here. The house is a large, old-fashioned mansion, with dormer windows in its sloping roofs and with a wing projecting from one of its sides; its rooms have wide fireplaces and are furnished forth with quaint and handsome heirlooms, the prized possessions of pre-

vious generations. Environing the dwelling are generous gardens and grounds where we see the "white lilacs and the buttonwoods," the "stark poplars," the "pine groves," the "threading brook" of Gilder's lyric; yonder little mead, through which the "slow stream curves and dallies," is that dreamful resort of his boyhood, the least of the "Two Valleys" of his "Great Remembrance" volume. The patriarchal trees which grow by the house should be honored as the theme of the poet's earliest stanzas. "Bellevue," as the place is called, is still owned by the family; the poet now comes to it only as an occasional visitor, but the popular "Lounger" and the co-editors of *The Critic*, Jeannette and Joseph Gilder, occupy it some part of each year.

From Bordentown the grounds which constituted ex-King Bonaparte's park extend several furlongs northward along the wood-crowned bluff; farther lie broad acres once tilled by the English-Quaker progenitors of Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott; beyond those and nearer to Trenton we find the ancestral home of that skilled naturalist, astute archæologist, and versatile author. To visit him here among his own "uplands and meadows," where most of his life has been passed and most of his work has been done, is the predominant purpose of this pilgrimage along the Delaware.

Home of Doctor Abbott

From the Trenton road a lane leads, between sunny fields and beneath overhanging maples and apple trees, to the mansion we seek. It is set upon a grassy eminence, a semicircle of sighing pines stand guard at the back, and upon every side tower foliaged giants — locusts, lindens, sycamores, elms, beeches — whose branches shelter and shade the venerable walls. From this site we see upon the one hand vistas of undulating sweeps of tillage, upon the other hand we look across wide-reaching meads, bosky lowlands, and the distant river to a farther expanse of fields fringed and dotted with trees. The dwelling is a substantial, old-fashioned, and wholly delightful edifice of wood, whose massive timbers were erected by the great-grandfather of the present occupant. The suns and storms of near a century have weathered its walls, and the touch of time has toned and mellowed it into an aspect of dignified comeliness to which our modern staring structures never attain.

Within, a wide hall extends through the center of the house, having porch-shaded doors at either end; flanking the hall are spacious, low-studded, pleasantly furnished rooms, wherein are tastefully arranged books and curios, cherished family relics and antiquities, and many interesting specimens gathered by Dr. Abbott in his outdoor rambles. The "andirons" of his "December" essay stand upon the hospitable hearth of the parlor at the

right, and directly above is the pleasant chamber which is the author's literary workshop, not his study, for that is — as Emerson's was — "anywhere out-of-doors."

A recess beside the large fireplace contains the Doctor's desk, — a quaint combination of bookcase, bureau, and writing-desk, with many pigeonholes, curious little drawers, and amazing secret receptacles, — which was made in 1759 and has descended to its present owner through four generations of Abbotts. In exploring its covert repositories since it came into his possession the Doctor has discovered some interesting documents relating to his family history, and it now contains title-deeds and other instruments and records dating well back into the seventeenth century. Upon this desk — mentioned in Abbott's "Rambles of a Naturalist" — he has written all his widely read books, including the recently published "In Nature's Realm," and nearly all of the more than one hundred and fifty reports, essays, monographs, etc., in which he has imparted to the public the results of his thoughtful researches.

Here nightly he minutely registers in large, ledger-like volumes, which have been accumulating for nearly forty years, the field-studies and observations of the day ; and here for two or three hours of each morning he is systematically engaged in

elaborating from these records his fascinating sketches and the chapters of his popular books on outdoor themes, or else is engaged upon more imaginative and purely literary compositions. The latter, also, are produced largely by developing, arranging, and combining previous jottings and memoranda. These are made upon tablets (which the Doctor always carries for the purpose), and in any of the accustomed haunts of his observant idleness,—by the creek, in the woods, the field, the lowland swamp, even in a sightly tree-top,—and these jottings record not so much events as ideas, outlines of plots, suggestions for fictional characters and incidents, even poetical lines which come to mind during his daily "rambles about home" and are measurably incited by the scenes among which those rambles lead.

Not all the work accomplished upon the old desk is done in the methodical morning hours; the Doctor is often moved to literary production at other times, and once, not long ago, he seated himself here at bedtime to add a line for the completion of a paragraph of his morning's work, and wrote steadily on until surprised by four o'clock and dawn. While he is writing a book upon the top of the desk he usually has in *cache* somewhere within or beneath it the manuscript of another volume, which is "seasoning" while it awaits the author's pleasure to give it to the world.

Lately he has been especially engaged in archæological researches, extensive excavations having been made upon his farm which brought to light many traces of ancient man which will help to settle the question of the antiquity of human occupation of the Delaware valley. This question has so long and seriously occupied his attention that he is naturally gratified that the outcome of the recent most carefully conducted explorations has been to confirm the view previously set forth by him.

Dr. Abbott's enthusiasm, when he encounters some novelty in natural history, strikes his neighbors with astonishment at times, — as when he chases a butterfly or beetle into a back yard and kicks the dog that interferes, — and has given rise to some strange impressions concerning him : one neighbor, being asked by a literary pilgrim if she knew where Dr. Abbott lived, replied, "Him as collects bugs for the gov'ment? Oh, back in the woods somewheres!"

The Doctor's quaint farm-house figures in his writings ; a double door which formerly opened at one side is celebrated as the "old kitchen door" of "Travels in a Tree-Top." Around the house lie the broad acres which have produced for us abundant crops of something better than esculents ; here are fields where, as boy and man, Dr. Abbott has explored all his life, and made the discoveries to

which we are indebted for his scientific works, and scenes which not only inspired but provided the themes and settings for many of his charming chapters.

Pleasantly remembered strolls with the genial author among his haunts enable us to identify objects and places long known to us through his books. The plateau of ploughland extending backward from the bluff furnished most of the materials upon which he founded his "Stone Age in New Jersey" and "Primitive Industry." Neolithic weapons and implements have here been found in great abundance, and the Doctor believes that not less than one hundred thousand specimens have been collected within a mile or two of his residence. Many thousands have been gathered from his own fields; he has deposited in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge twenty-five thousand specimens, which constitute the most important series of that character ever brought together, and other thousands have been placed in other archæological institutions. Among these relic-strewn fields is the "sink-hole" with which the Doctor has made us familiar, and this tract, with the adjacent stretches of forest, constitutes the "upland" of his "Upland and Meadow," the volume which a noted English critic pronounces the most delightful of its kind that America has produced.

The bluff so frequently mentioned in Dr. Abbott's archæological works rises from low bottom-lands to the margin of his lawn and curves away for miles. Its steep incline is thickly clad with bird-haunted foliage, in whose shady retreats he made many observations noted in "The Birds About Us" and other books. Upon the brow of the bluff near the house "the three beeches" which give a name to the place spread their giant branches,— trees so venerable that they were described for landmarks as long ago as 1689,—and farther down the slope stands the majestic chestnut-leaved oak pictured in one of the illustrations of "Clear Skies and Cloudy."

This precipitous acclivity bounds the ancient river-bed and is the "gravelly, bluffy bank" where were found most of the paleolithic implements, the study of which has led to some of the Doctor's important archæological discoveries and publications. Many of the rude chipped stones were found in the talus, but a considerable number were discoved *in situ* in freshly exposed portions of the face of the escarpment and at a depth of many feet from the surface. The character of these implements, their characteristic occurrence here in the glacial drift, the finding of human fragments with those of the mastodon, musk-ox, walrus, etc., in the same deposit, apparently justify the conclusion reached in

Dr. Abbott's writings, that the implements belonged to a primitive race — probably akin to the now boreal Eskimo — who dwelt in this river-valley at least as long ago as the great ice age — "untold centuries before the advent of the Indian."

At the foot of the bluff we find the place of Abbott's "Winter Night's Outing," and the reach of low-lying grass-lands and tangled swamps which extends from the bluff to the present river-bank half a mile away has a prominent place in his books. Here are his "mucky meadow" and other scenes among which his trained and alert senses noted many of those observations of animal and plant life which animate "A Naturalist's Rambles," "Upland and Meadow," and similar volumes. In a corner of the meadow in this lowland tract the Doctor shows us one of his favorite retreats — a shadow-flecked nook where the great stump of a fallen ash tree furnishes a seat upon which, with a slumberous landscape of summer beauty outspread before him, he sometimes sits for hours together meditating or composing his chapters. The white-oak grove near the mouth of a gully is the rural colosseum in which assembled the "Corvine Congress" of his "Clear Skies and Cloudy."

The "gully road" leads us back to the upland through a ravine whose steep banks have yielded some of the wonderful paleolithic implements, dis-

closed by flood erosions of the now diminutive brooklet which murmurs musically through the dell on its way to the river. This ravine is shaded by fine old trees, and one magnificent oak which casts its branches above the brook has for us more than a passing interest, for it was while looking out upon the pleasant prospect of forest, field, and mead from its topmost boughs — to which he had climbed in quest of a bird's nest — that the Doctor conceived the idea of his fascinating "Travels in a Tree-Top."

Beyond the garden is "the stile," across it lies the way to the "sprout land" on a neighbor's domain, and farther afield are other familiar localities: Cook's woods, a half-mile distant, is the scene of the sketch, "Out of the Beaten Path"; the "Old Barn" of "Notes of the Night" stood upon the adjacent farm; the stream of his "Up the Creek" is the foliage-fringed Crosswicks, which sluggishly flows a little way below, his companions in the outing described in that chapter being Joseph and Jeannette Gilder of Bellevue; by one sharp flexure of the stream is the great hollow tree which was his refuge in "The Poetry of Shelter," and the adjacent lands were the haunt of Miles Overfield, Abbott's "Cuvier of Crosswicks Creek." The "Pearson's Lane" of his essay is but a mile away from his own and leads to the farmstead where the hero and heroine of his "A Colonial

Wooing," who were the ancestors of the author, settled after their marriage. The same farm is the scene of his later novel, "When the Century Was New," which so faithfully depicts the conditions of that time; and the storied farm-house, "Hutton Hall" of the tale, still stands—half wood and half brick, as pictured upon the cover of the volume —in venerable age.

It is among such halcyon scenes, pervaded by the most endearing associations, that our author contentedly dwells in mid-life, pursuing with sympathetic love for nature's every phase those studies which have brought to him honor and fame, writing new chapters for new books, and meditating others which are to edify and delight us in time to come.

Here we had planned to end our present pilgrimage, but the staid old city of Trenton has one spot to which our footsteps always turn when we chance to be in its vicinage. It is a modest clapboarded cottage standing in a quiet and unpretentious little street near the State Model School; a diminutive square of greensward lies before it, a vine-clad porch shades its entrance, and within lately dwelt in age and obscurity Mrs. Howarth, the once popular poet, "Clementine."

This shelter for her declining years was provided

by admiring friends at a time when an apoplexy had disabled her for the physical tasks by which she had maintained her household. The same accident so diminished her literary productiveness that comparatively few of her tender and graceful poems were written in her present abode. In a poorer part of the city, a mile southward from the "pillared sign" of Gilder's "Battle Monument,"— the monument which her own poem of "The Men of '76" helped to rear,— we find the humble dwelling that is most intimately associated with her literary career. It is one of a row of similar cheap two-storied wooden tenements, standing beside the railway on Bridge Street near Union.

When first we visited this house, a painted sign (now in possession of Mr. Gilder) was attached to the boards beside the door and displayed the words, "Chairs Caned Here," and in the low-ceiled, scantily furnished front room we found a weary-faced woman — "in calico garment and rough twisted hair"— toiling at the task which provided bread for a family of seven. To this room came Julia Ward Howe on the visit referred to in her poem "To C. H.," and here before the low fire —"the scanty rag-carpet sufficing her feet"— she talked of the queendom of this humbler sister of song. Hither, too, came Richard Watson Gilder and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the erst-renowned poet of "The Sinless Child."

In this poor place, chained to coarse and sordid surroundings from which her sensitive spirit shrank, compelled to uncongenial drudgery, always in poverty, sometimes in want, usually able to pay the rent only with a song, "Clementine" bravely bore her burden until she sank beneath its weight. Toiling early and late, during those cruel years her chief solace and relief was found in the composition of the touching lyrics that have thrilled so many hearts. While she sang of many themes, the saddest of her numbers were too often the expressions of her own sorrows and the results of her own experiences: many of her stanzas "have fallen like tears upon the graves of her children," three of whom died in this lowly dwelling; some poems, like "Watching the Stars," pathetically portray her condition here and give utterance to her yearnings for congenial companionship and environment; and one of exquisite tenderness, "Thou Wilt Never Grow Old," is addressed to her best-beloved child, whom the agonized mother saw trampled to death on the pavement before this door.

To "Clementine," after those toilsome, troublous years, came noble recognition, friends, financial relief, and her life in the cozy Wall Street cottage was one of comparative content and serenity. Her husband, the "wan sufferer" of her verse, died, but children and grandchildren were about her, and loving friends helped to fill her heart. Her hair

was silvered and her step was slow, but she cherished the hopeful optimism of her younger days, and with it the divine spirit of song which animated her whole life.

So — living and feeling the poetry which she lately was seldom moved to write, and upborne by the faith and devotion which are breathed in "The Passion Flower," "The Olive Star," "Song of the Saints," and many another tender lyric — she awaited the summons to embark upon that unknown sea whose waters "roll round the world." But a few months ago that summons came.

ABROAD

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Thames-Side Literary Landmarks — Avon Vale — Stratford — The Birthplace — New Place — Guild Chapel — Grammar School — Holy Trinity Church — The Tomb — Memorial — Dr. Hall — Red Horse Inn — Hathaway Cottage — Where Shakespeare was Married — Other Shrines.

IN faring to the Shakespeare shrines of Warwickshire we love to follow, so far as we may, the valley of the Thames. From the London haunts of the myriad-minded bard, the places of his theaters and residences on Bankside and Ludgate Hill, we may trace the course of his many journeys between the metropolis and his Stratford home. If we follow more closely the storied river, our way is redolent of literary associations. We stroll and loiter in Chelsea, with its memories of Carlyle and Rossetti; Fulham, the sometime home of Hook, Richardson, Bulwer, and Swinburne, and the burial-place of Vincent Bourne; Putney, where Gibbon was born and Hunt died; Barn Elms Park, where Cowley and Cobbett dwelt and the "Kit Cat Club" assembled; Hammersmith, where Marryat lived and Thomson wrote; Chiswick, with its home and grave of Hogarth. Farther we find the Twickenham of Pope, Walpole, and Fielding; the haunts of "Junius"; the tombs of Thomson, Kean,

and Matthew Arnold; the riverside scenes amid which Shelley wrote "The Revolt of Islam"; the ivy-clad church where Tennyson was married. At sleepy little Ewelme Chaucer sojourned, at Oxford he laid his "Milleres Tale," about and above Oxford are the river-views which inspired some of the best of Arnold's verse, at Godstow Scott's "Fair Rosamond" first met her royal lover, Cumnor was the place of the murder of Amy Robsart in "Kenilworth," Kelmscott Manor was for some years the joint residence of Rossetti and William Morris, Lechlade is the scene of Shelley's beautiful "Summer-Evening Churchyard."

Beyond these shrines we leave the "River of the Poets" and cross the green Cotswold ridge into the valley where the silver Avon "Exhilarates the Meads." All this region is dominated by the memory and genius of Shakespeare; and whatever may be the primary and ostensible object of our literary prowlings here — whether historic Warwick or storied Compton Wynyates, the home of Dyer, the birthplace of Butler, or the tomb of Somerville, Hughes' Rugby, Scott's "Kenilworth," George Eliot's "Loamshire" or Miss Mulock's "Norton Bury" — our pilgrimages inevitably end at the cottage where the great world-poet was born and the church beside the Avon where his ashes are entombed

Shakespeare and Stratford

A winsome way we follow the windings of the placid Avon, flowing between willow-fringed margins and through a broad valley bounded by low, undulating hills, to find amid flower-starred meadows the ancient borough which the genius of one man has made famous forever. Of Stratford Shakespeare is the sole glory and boast; as we traverse the old streets we find everywhere evidences of the regard which prizes and preserves every memento of him who made the tranquil town — otherwise unvisited and unheard-of — an object of reverent pilgrimage to the cultured of all nations and climes.

The population has multiplied since Shakespeare's time, and some of the fields through which he strayed have disappeared beneath modern dwellings; but the lapsing centuries have spared many of the structures he knew, and the old house in Henley Street, hallowed by tradition as his birthplace, is religiously preserved. Its half-timbered, rough-plastered walls and massive chimney-pile are likely to endure through other centuries to come. Beneath this roof-tree we are received more like guests than tourists, and the sympathetic demeanor of the custodians, the familiar aspect of the rooms and the precious associations of which we are joint inheritors with the whole English-speaking race, make this seem less a "show-place" than many others to which our rambles lead.

Here we see the family room with its low ceiling and massive beams, its rude stone pavement — broken during the occupancy of the room as a butcher-shop — and its huge fireplace with a seat wrought in the masonry whereon the lad Shakespeare may have often sat, linking fancy unto fancy as he gazed upon the images in the fire. Behind this room is a ruder kitchen, and beside it, in the apartment which was once John Shakespeare's "woolshop," and where the boy doubtless assisted at his father's trade after he had left school and his sire had fallen into financial straits, is the museum and library. Here are preserved deeds to and from Shakespeare's father, pieces of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, his declaration in a suit brought by him against Philip Rogers to recover the price of malt sold to the latter, the letter of Richard Quiney — whose son married Shakespeare's daughter, Judith — soliciting from "his loveing good Friend and Countryman, Mr. Wm. Shackespere," the loan of thirty pounds, and, among numerous relics of less certain authenticity, the decrepit and worm-eaten desk at which Shakespeare is said to have sat in the grammar-school, and the signet-ring, with the initials "W. S." bound with a true lover's knot, which was found some years ago near the churchyard and is believed to have been lost by Shakespeare just before the execution of his will, thus ne-

cessitating the substitution of the word "hand" for the effaced word "seal" in that document.

From the kitchen well-worn stairs wind upward to the humble apartment where the immortal poet was born. It is a dingy room of moderate size, dimly lighted from the front by a quaint multi-paned casement said to contain many of the original glasses; massive timbers strut from its low roof and rib its rough walls, the sagging plaster of its ceiling is sustained by a curious network of steel laths, the original planks and nails of its uncarpeted floor are worn and polished by feet of innumerable pilgrims who in this poor chamber do homage to the colossal genius that was incarnated here. Many thousands of votaries have here inscribed their autographs until every inch of ceiling is discolored and every old window-pane is dimmed by them. "W. Scott" is among the signs-manual scratched upon the window, and the plastering bears, or has borne, the names of hundreds of others whom the world has known and honored; some of these signatures have flaked from the surface, others have been repeatedly overwritten, and it is as much by the eye of faith as of vision that we decipher names like Byron, Walton, Dickens, Irving, Thackeray, Tennyson, Bayard Taylor, etc. Here is a copy of the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, near the door is a brick fireplace with huge timber mantel-tree, in one corner stands the chair

of which Irving wrote, and other antique articles of furniture are settled against the walls. Large pipes laid along the floors are filled with hot water conveyed from the custodian's cottage for heating the rooms, no fires or artificial lights being permitted beneath this sacred roof. The danger of its destruction by fire has been further diminished by the demolition of the structures which formerly adjoined it upon either side.

The house stands at the border of the street, before it in Shakespeare's youth was the "muck-hill" whose too great accumulation caused his father to be amerced by the health authorities of the time. The space beside and behind the dwelling, where then stood the father's tan-pits and out-buildings, is now a neat garden with sward and pleasant shrubbery, and here grow flowers that Shakespeare loved and whose fragrance breathes through many stanzas of his works.

The ancient dwelling at the near-by corner of High Street was for thirty-six years the abode of Shakespeare's second daughter, Judith, whom William Black idealized in the story bearing her name; a front of stucco now conceals its picturesque timbers, but we may see the rooms she inhabited and, beneath them, the cellar, with walls five feet in thickness, in which her husband, Thomas Quiney, the vintner, kept his casks long years after its dark

vault had ceased to be the dungeon of the borough prison. But a few steps distant dwelt her neighbor and friend, Katherine Rogers, mother of the founder of our great Harvard University, and among the quaint old houses of this haunted High Street are two which were sometime occupied by Shakespeare's crony, Julius Shaw,— witness signatory to his will,— and often visited by the bard. The first of these is next door but one to New Place, the other, much altered, faces it from the opposite side of the street and for centuries has been an inn.

Of Shakespeare's beloved New Place, once the largest and handsomest residence in the town, not much remains. The great garden, whose avenues the poet paced while he pondered some of his noblest dramas, and which then extended to the shining waters of the Avon, is contracted to a few rods of lawn. Within the inclosure and upon the exact site of its ancestor grows a mulberry, a scion of the famous tree which Shakespeare planted and sat under, and which Rev. Francis Gastrell — whom Rossetti, in a poem written here, characterized as "the supreme unhung" — destroyed because Shakespearian admirers persisted in visiting it. Of the spacious and dignified mansion "of bricke and tymbre" which Shakespeare restored and inhabited, little beside the decaying fragments of its foundation

walls, which are protected by frames set in the sward, is now to be seen: such parts of the hallowed abode as had been spared by the previous owner were razed — in order to avoid a tax for charitable purposes — by the same "reverend" vandal that felled the mulberry and thus "damned himself to eternal fame."

The well from which the poet drank and which was in the cellar of his house still remains and is now picturesquely embowered with ivy. In this well and about the old foundations have been found a number of relics and curiosities which are preserved in the adjoining house, which was once the home of Shakespeare's granddaughter, wife to the son of his friend Anthony Nash. Despite the meagerness of its remains, we find New Place one of the most impressive of the shrines sanctified by association with the world's greatest poet: in boyhood he well knew this, "the great house" of the town — he passed it daily on his way to school — and to possess it may have been one of the ambitions of his early life; he purchased and repaired it as soon as his means would permit; to it he made prolonged visits from London, during one of which he gave his favorite daughter, Susanna, to the man of her choice; here he spent the closing years of his too brief life crowned by the love of his family and associates; here, but two months before his

death, he blessed the winsome Judith's wedding; here, upon his birthday — the festival of St. George — he passed to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns"; here gathered sorrowing friends to look once more upon his face before it should be hidden forever; hence he was borne to his burial.

Here, too, in the ripeness of his years and the meridian of his powers, he produced wondrous works like "The Tempest," "Cymbeline," and "A Winter's Tale"; and, as we drink from his well and linger among the roses of his garden and sit beneath the whispering foliage of the mulberry, we love to remember that in this retirement his peerless fancy beheld some of its inspired visions — that here "first waved the mystic wand of Prospero, and Ariel sang of dead men's bones turned into pearls and corals, here arose into everlasting life Hermione, and here Miranda and Perdita — twins of heaven's own radiant goodness — were created."

Looking forth from his windows or from the shade of his garden, the object most familiar to the vision of Shakespeare was the antique Guild Chapel which, with its buttressed walls, its mullioned windows, its Norman porch and square tower of gray stone, still stands beyond the narrow Chapel Lane. Its great bell, recast and still in use, summoned

him to school in his childhood, sounded the curfew every evening of his life, and solemnly tolled when he died. With the chapel's classical interior he was not less familiar, for he held sittings there, and there he was sometime a pupil during the repair of the school-room next door; to the latter experience has been attributed the phrase "a school i' the church" which he employs in "Twelfth Night."

The quaint old Guild Hall, adjoining the chapel, in which the poet probably first witnessed a theatrical performance, was recently restored and we now see the long, low room with its stone floor and oaken paneling essentially the same as Shakespeare knew it. The school-room above has now its many-paned windows, hacked benches and desks, high-pitched roof, and dark framework of rough-hewn rafters and beams as in the time when he, with "shining morning face," daily came at early morn for a twelve-hours' pursuit of the "Small Latine and less Greeke" which Jonson allows him. The lad had learned to read before he was admitted to the school, but here doubtless he conned some of those records of romantic deeds which he subsequently metamorphosed into the matchless dramas. During most of the period of Shakespeare's pupilage here his master was Sir Thomas Hunt, curate of Luddington, and we find the quaint and venerable cottage in which he dwelt

still standing just behind the theater of his pedagogic labors.

Reverently we trace the course of the mournful procession which bore the coffined form of the poet from his home to his sepulcher — out of the gates of New Place, along the shady highway, past the school of his boyhood, past the abode of his daughter, across the silent churchyard, under the arching limes, through the carven porch, out of the bright sunshine into enduring dusk.

The ancient temple that guards the dust of Shakespeare is the literary Mecca of all mankind. Its gray walls rise from the marge of the peaceful Avon, protected by clustering elms and yew trees that whisper above the mossy marbles and the moldering heaps of the old churchyard where Shakespeare's son, Hamnet, sleeps in an unmarked grave. The edifice is an effective architectural blending of the early English with the graceful Norman-Gothic, erected and restored at different periods, with fine windows, embattled roofs, and a square central tower surmounted by a spire which rises high above the tree-tops, a fair landmark in all the countryside. An avenue, paved with ancient gravestones, whose worn inscriptions are scarcely legible, and bordered by fragrant lime trees through whose overarching foliage the sunlight

flecks and freckles the shadowy floor, leads to the church door.

The renovations and "improvements" of recent years have considerably changed the interior, but in the solemn twilight of the place we find all the objects we seek. Near the entrance is the ancient parish register with its record of the baptism and burial of Shakespeare; in the opposite aisle is the broken font at which he was christened. This tastefully carved relic was long since rescued from the base use to which it had come — it was a watering-trough at a pump — and restored to the sanctuary, though not to its pristine place, and from its crumbling bowl a son of Joseph Jefferson was baptized twenty-five years ago, and named William Winter after our American poet and critic.

Pacing the length of the dim nave, we find in the chancel the slab which covers the handful of ashes which was once the earthly vesture of the greatest intellect humanity has known. The plain flat stone is laid in the pavement before the altar, where rainbow light from the great chancel window falls upon it and illumines the familiar and much-debated words of prayer and solemn execration that are graven upon its surface. Looking upon these rugged and pathetic lines while he bends above the dust of the "Star of Poets," the pilgrim feels little patience with the witless attempt to read into them

the declaration that Shakespeare was murdered to prevent his confession that his works were the product of another. We rejoice that the awful inscription — whether written by the poet or the undertaker — has served to keep his remains here in the spot where he longed to lie among the loved associations of his life, and to protect his tomb not only from the profane desecration he dreaded, but from more venial disturbance — no one daring to open it, although Shakespeare's wife and daughter "did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him."

Beside him on the left, close to the wall, lies his wife, on the right his daughter Susanna sleeps beneath an inscription eulogistic of her charity, wisdom, and goodness; in the same row are the graves of members of her family, and near by we see the effigied tomb of Shakespeare's friend, John Combe, upon whom the poet is believed to have composed a facetious epitaph. In a niche of the north wall, just above the grave of Shakespeare, is the well-known monumental bust, made from a death-mask and erected by his family not long after his death, which is the most authentic and impressive memento of the "Swan of Avon," save only his unequaled compositions. Its original colors have been restored, and we may measurably see the flesh-tints of his face and hands, the hazel of his eyes, the

warm auburn of his hair and pointed beard, the black and red of his garb, as they appeared to his friends in life. From the same side-wall the "American window" looks down upon the poet's grave; it is the gift of transatlantic visitors, and its beautiful panes represent by Scriptural subjects Shakespeare's seven ages of man, as described in "As You Like It." Other objects, antique and storied, here abound, but in this sacred place we regard only the things which pertain to Shakespeare; the edifice itself, solemn and impressive as an ancient Christian church, is for us but the mausoleum which forever keeps the discarded cerements of his celestial genius.

So, too, the town with its industries and its thriving thousands of people, has for us but a single interest — Shakespeare. And we are not allowed to neglect that interest here, for never did mediæval city employ the prestige of its saint more advantageously than does Stratford the fame of its immortal son. We hear his name everywhere, in the streets, the shops, the market-place, on the lips of touters and tourists; we see it blazoned on inns, stores, banks, factories; the manufacture and sale of Shakespearian mementos are conspicuous activities of the place. Through old streets, teeming with Shakespearean sign-boards, trades-marks and effigies, we stroll to other spots less intimately connected with the poet than those earlier visited.

Dr. Hall—Shakespeare Memorial

A picturesque gabled and bay-windowed house still standing near the site of the Priests' College, was the home of his eldest daugher, Susanna, wife of John Hall, the physician who probably attended the poet in his last illness, and made the death-mask from his face. Unfortunately the earliest entries in Dr. Hall's case-book date from the year following Shakespeare's death, but he quaintly records the illnesses of the poet's daughter and granddaughter, and the godmother of Judith Shakespeare, the wife of his friend Nash, and the son of his friend Quiney, etc. Also the case of Shakespeare's associate Drayton—"an excellent poet, treated for a tertian with a mixture which wrought upwards and downwards."

On the place of the Rother Market, where John Shakespeare purchased materials for his business, is the beautiful memorial fountain, the appropriate gift of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for whose dedication one of Holmes's last poems was written. Within the original grounds of New Place, and not far from the site of Shakespeare's barn, which was subsequently converted into a theater, the "Shakespeare Memorial" lifts its sightly tower and its steep roofs and pinnacles from Avon's bank, midway between the many-arched Clopton Bridge and the church of the poet's sepulcher. About the building lies an ornamental park, with pleasant alleys winding among lawns,

foliage, and flowers, and within its red-brick walls are a library with thousands of volumes and manuscripts of Shakespearean literature, an art gallery which includes among its treasures the Marcus Droeshout portrait and the beautiful Davenant bust, and a theater where, in April of each year, are presented the famous birth-week performances of Shakespeare's plays.

If we follow the example of that pioneer of American literary pilgrims, Washington Irving, and lodge at the ancient Red Horse Inn, we may occupy the chamber that once was his, sit in his little parlor, "some twelve feet square," and see (but no longer handle) the arm-chair and poker which figure as Geoffrey Crayon's throne and scepter in the initial reverie of his charming sketch. The cozy, old-fashioned hostelry was well-known to Shakespeare; doubtless Jonson, Drayton, and Burbage lodged there in his day, as did Betterton and Garrick long decades later. Its opulent registers bear such names as Longfellow, Ripley, Gerald Massey, Artemus Ward, Bayard Taylor, Edmund Yates, Elihu Burritt, William Winter, Charles Dudley Warner, and many more of the guild of letters.

A sunny summer morning finds us strolling through fields aflame with scarlet poppies to the home of "sweet Anne Hathaway," at Shottery. The rural footpath is the same so often trodden by

the impatient feet of young Shakespeare hastening to his sweetheart; beside it bloom the same wild-flowers he saw, above it birds warble the same song of love that gladdened his heart. We follow the windings of the path among fertile ploughlands and lush green meadows and along fragrant hedgerows to a brook, murmuring beneath tall trees, and find, a few rods beyond, the famous cottage. It is a long, low, thick-thatched, half-timbered tenement, shaded by trees and buried in vines which cover the oaken ribs and rugged plastering of its walls and clamber upon its humble roof. Before it is an ample garden with prim beds of shrubs and old-fashioned flowers through which an uneven path of flagstones leads to the leafy, moss-grown well and to the quaint doorway.

Beneath this roof time has wrought most gently; the floor of flags, the great blackened fireplace with its wide hearth, oaken mantel, and snug chimney-corners, the curious casements, the low ceiling traversed by heavy beams, endure unchanged by the centuries that have elapsed since this lowly place was the scene of Shakespeare's wooing. In the living-room a decayed high-backed settle, on which the lovers may have sat together, stands by the fireside, a worn Bible with the Hathaway family record lies upon an old table, other articles of ancient furniture are at hand and, here, too, is a

voluminous register with the signatures of illustrious visitors — Dickens, Longfellow, Tennyson, Conway, Mark Lemon, William Black, Wilkie Collins, Mark Twain, and many others. In the chamber roofed by the low, sloping thatch and lighted by diminutive casements beneath the eaves are preserved an antique four-post bedstead, carved in curious fashion, a case of drawers, a spinning stool, various articles of homespun linen, and other objects said to have once belonged to Anne Hathaway. The "last descendant of the Hathaways," the soft-voiced Mrs. Baker, who so long occupied the cottage and displayed its contents with such manifest pleasure and pride, is dead, and the pilgrim who now revisits this shrine will miss her kindly welcome and her pleasant chat concerning her belongings and her distinguished visitors, will recall the grateful draught she brought from the old well under the laurel and will long cherish her parting present of "rosemary for remembrance" from "sweet Anne's" garden. Not far from the Hathaway cottage is "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows" and the old manor house in whose attic was the Catholic chantry where, as has been believed, Shakespeare was first and secretly married.

Other and farther scenes allure our steps: Charlecote with its stately Elizabethan hall on the brink of Avon, and its park whence the poet did not

steal the deer — there were no deer there in Shakespeare's youth; the riverside hamlet of Luddington with the place of the little church where the poet was probably married with Protestant rites by Sir Thomas Hunt, erst his master in the grammar-school; the quaint-gabled cottage of stuccoed stone at Wilmcote, with its ancient dove-cote, spacious farm-yards, and prim flower-garden, where Shakespeare's mother, the heiress Mary Arden, was born and reared; the picturesque, cross-timbered, dormer-windowed Shakespeare Hall — reputed abode of the poet's uncle — within whose ivied walls Shakespeare sojourned, and where, in the chamber above the entrance, local tradition avers, he wrote "As You Like It" on the confines of that forest of Arden where its scenes are laid. But during all our loiterings in and about Stratford — whether we float upon the silver flood of Avon or, following the footsteps of the bard, we wander the willow-guarded banks or thread leafy lanes fringed with "daisies pied and violets blue," or linger in flower-flecked field, or rest on sightly hill-top — our vision ever turns to the dreamful spire which rises amid the landscape and marks the place of Shakespeare's never-ending rest.

BYRON'S HARROW: KENSAL GREEN

Some London Shrines — Graves of Thackeray, Hunt, Sydney Smith, Hood, Mrs. Hawthorne, Dickens's Little Nell, etc. — Harrow School — Eminent Pupils — Byron's School-room — Relics — Resorts — His School Days and Friends — His Daughter's Grave — His Mary — View from Hill.

PERHAPS the most enjoyable of the many pleasant outings in the near neighborhood of great London is the walk from the city, by way of Paddington and Kensal Green, to ancient Harrow-on-the-Hill,— the Harewe-atte-Hull of the Saxons.

From mid-London our way lies along Oxford Street,— the highway apostrophized by the brilliant Opium-Eater as the "stoney-hearted stepmother that listeneth to the sighs of orphans and drinketh the tears of children,"— past Soho Square where the truant De Quincey lived in direst poverty, Hazlitt died with Lamb at his bedside, and where we lately found Sir Walter Besant engaged upon his *magnum opus*, the "Survey of London," in an apartment which looks out upon the foliage of the square; past the place of the shop where De Quincey purchased his first opium, and "Closet Court" where lodged the Tittlebat Titmouse of Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year"; past the

birthplace of Byron and Hanover Square where Dickens's Ralph Nickleby dwelt; past Wimpole Street where Elizabeth Barrett lived prior to her marriage with Browning, Grosvenor Square, sometime abode of Bulwer, and Orchard Street where "the greatest of the many Smiths" once dwelt, and where Sheridan wrote "The Duenna" and "The Rivals."

Beyond Oxford Street our way leads us to the last London home of Dickens, where a part of "Edwin Drood" was written, to the dismal cemetery where the sentimental Sterne was laid in a grave which was doomed to desecration, to the tomb of Mrs. Siddons, and through the region where once stood the great dust-heaps — "continents of cinders" Carlyle called them — among which Dickens located the Boffin's Bower of "Our Mutual Friend."

The first hour from Hyde Park brings us to that populous retreat of the dead, Kensal Green Cemetery. Within its dull inclosing walls sleep many votaries of literature and art, whose fame will not die. As we traverse the paths on the sunny slopes and along the wave-like sweeps of sward, we find the revered graves where these our dead repose beneath memorials of enduring love and remembrance. Amid the silence of the place we seek in vain for the spot where sweet little Rosey New-

come was here laid with her child, "out of sight of an unkind world," but we find the tomb of her gentle and genial creator, Thackeray, a modest tomb, inscribed only with his name and years, to which he—"the prose Juvenal of his time"—was borne by a great concourse and consigned by loving friends, Browning, Dickens, Leech, Cruikshank, Trollope, Millais, and others who knew his worth, on one winter day thirty-eight years ago. Near Thackeray lies his school-fellow and life-long friend, John Leech, who quickly followed him in the eternal march, and farther away lies Motley the historian.

In the same inclosure we find the grave of Millais whom his friend Du Maurier, the "Thackeray of a later age," celebrated as the Laird in the fascinating tale of "Trilby," and as we stand above his ashes we remember that this is the fancied place of entombment of poor Trilby herself, shriven in suffering, and we wonder how many of the thousands who sleep about us here beneath holy texts and laudatory epitaphs could have cast a stone at her, how many of them conformed to their saintly ideals as faithfully as did she to her simple standard,—"to think of other people before herself and never to tell lies or be afraid."

The grave of the sweet-souled and cheery Leigh Hunt is made in a spot chosen by himself and is

marked by his sculptured bust. An elevated tomb of freestone, guarded by an iron railing, is set in the sward near the north walk in memory of the witty essayist, Sidney Smith; its inscription describes him as "One of the Best of Men" and shows that he sleeps here between his wife and the son whose early death was the first great sorrow of his father's life. Farther westward by this walk we approach the neglected and apparently forgotten grave of the poet Allan Cunningham.

In the midst of one crowded row of memorials is the place where poor Tom Hood rests after a life that was but one long truceless struggle with pain and disease. His monument, an upright altar-stone surmounted by a bust, was erected by a popular subscription proposed by Eliza Cook, and was unveiled by Lord Houghton in the presence of a company of literators. Shrubbery shades his stone, tall trees sway in the breeze above it, and upon its chiseled surface we read the touching epitaph written by himself: "He sang 'The Song of the Shirt.'" The gifted Mrs. Jameson reposes with her parents in a little-regarded grave not far away, and, amid the maze of sculptured stones, beneath the sunlit sod or in the shade of sighing foliage, we find the sepulchers of Eastlake, the historian of art, and Buckle, the historian of civilization, of Mulready and Gibson, of Tietjens and Charles Mathews.

Here Americans will seek out the spot, on a verdant hillside which slopes toward the rising sun, where the wife of Hawthorne and his first-born, the unfortunate Una,— born under the mosses of the "Old Manse,"— lie in the last long sleep. Mrs. Hawthorne died in London in 1871, while preparing for publication "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret." On her white marble headstone is inscribed: "Sophia, Wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne"; on her footstone, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Six years after Mrs. Hawthorne's death, poor Una died in a cell of a religious retreat near Windsor, and was laid here beside her mother. Above them here grow ivy from their far "Wayside" home at Concord, and periwinkle — brought by Julian Hawthorne from the grave on "that hill-top hearsed with pines," where the subtle romancer lies with the ocean rolling between him and those whom he so fondly loved. Another spot attracts us in this city of the dead; it is the place where Dickens once desired to be buried beside the prototype of the Little Nell of his "Old Curiosity Shop." She was his beloved Mary Hogarth, a younger sister of his wife, and sometime an inmate of his home; he buried her here, and the epitaph which marks her gravestone was penned by his hand: "Young, Beautiful, and Good, God in his mercy numbered her among his angels at the early age of seventeen."

Beyond the cemetery pleasant ways lead us through a pleasant country, inlaid with patches of emerald and gold, which becomes more hilly as we proceed, until we reach the sloping hilltop where England has set up, like a pagan shrine, one of her ancient seminaries. Harrow was already old when the Normans landed on English shores; and her famous school, founded in 1571 by a yeoman, John Lyon, has for more than three centuries maintained a rank scarcely second to Eton, and has numbered among its pupils many who became eminent as authors or statesmen. Five Harrovians — Spencer Perceval, Goderich, Robert Peel (whose "Papers" were but recently published), Aberdeen and Palmerston — have been within the last ninety years Premiers of England.

Among the authors of which the ancient school can boast are Sheridan, Hook, Sir William Jones, the orientalist, Parr, the critic, personal friend of Dr. Johnson, Bruce, the Abyssinian traveler, Morris, the Jesuit historian, and Anthony Trollope. The latter, in his autobiography, speaks with much bitterness of his pupilage at Harrow and of his utterly friendless condition there. A school-fellow has revealed to us the reasons for "old Trollope's" ostracism. A story was current that his father had been outlawed, and this prejudiced every loyal pupil against him; besides, his manners were rude

and uncouth, he was the dullest member of his class—"an incorrigible dunce"—and the dirtiest boy both in dress and person in the whole school. Those of us who, earlier in life, have enjoyed his many pleasing tales should be gladdened by the further testimony of Gregory's "Memoirs" that Trollope in his school-days was honest and brave; his faults were external, "all the rest of him was right enough." An ancestor of Thackeray was for several years Head Master of the school.

But Harrow's real hero and genius is Byron. Here he was for five years "as troublesome and mischievous a pupil as ever wearied the heart of a master"; Harrow is the beloved "Ida" of the earlier poems of his "Hours of Idleness," the

> "Sweet scene of his youth,
> Seat of Friendship and Truth,
> Where love chased each fast fleeting year";

and it is his associations with this place that have drawn us hither in the progress of our bookish prowlings.

Most of the school buildings are of comparatively recent construction, but the original school-room, provided for by the founder and erected in the Decorated Tudor style, remains, and with its opulence of reminiscences is the great object of interest. It was to this historic Fourth Form room, which

was already old in Byron's day, that he, loud warned by the bell, resorted

"To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught."

It is a long, narrow, and gloomy apartment, with high, latticed windows, a wide fireplace, quaint old benches, and dark wainscoting which is thickly covered with names of pupils, rudely graven by hands that for generations have lain in dust. There are hundreds of these names remaining; numerous others, some of them old and famous, have disappeared beneath modern Smiths and Browns. When we reflect that this defacement of the walls was forbidden, we are appalled by the amount of flogging which the myriad of autograph carvings represents.

The name first shown to the visitor is that of Byron, cut in large irregular characters in the dark corner at the right of the fireplace; just beneath is Wildman's; in the end wall is Peel's; opposite to the fireplace and near each other we read the names, "S. Perceval," "Haddo" (Aberdeen), and "W. Jones." Newer panels cover now the ancient plastering above the wainscot, and upon these the names of recent Harrovians are graven in more regular order. In the early days all the classes recited in this room; now only the Saturday morning prayers are said in it, and it is otherwise unused save

as a place of flagellation of the boys by the Haed Master.

Among the few mementos of Byron preserved at Harrow are his sword and Greek knife, the Pisa portrait by West, the revised proofs of his "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte," his volume of Lucanus, his well-thumbed school copy of Æschylus, with marginal annotations in his school-boy hand. A school translation from this volume is included among his published works. The markings in his books indicate that his knowledge of Greek was so scant that he feared to trust to his memory for the meanings of the most common words. A more interesting object is pointed out as "Byron's tomb," a low, broad tombstone beneath a giant elm tree near the footpath on the brow of the hill in the ancient churchyard. It bears the unpoetic name of Peachey, and is now protected from the eagerness of pilgrims by an unsightly and unromantic covering of iron rods. Its situation commands an enchanting view, embracing the picturesque towers of imperial Windsor Castle, the spires of Eton, and the intervening expanse of woods and smiling fields. This is the spot of which he so often wrote, the habitual resort of his evening leisure, to which he came

"To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

Here he sat apart in a fairyland of his imagination and "mused the twilight hours away," weaving his day dreams into poesy while he looked over this charming landscape with eyes that saw it not. Byron's connection with this old tomb is celebrated in a school song which we once heard the boys singing while we strolled in the churchyard:

"Byron lay, lazily lay,
Hid from lessons and games away,
Dreaming poetry all alone
Up a-top of the Peachey stone:
All in a fury enters Drury,
Sets him grammar and Virgil due;
Poets should n't have, should n't have, should n't have,
Poets should n't have work to do."

Not far from this spot where Byron, in a poem composed upon the old tomb, wished himself to be laid at last,—

"Forever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played,
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved,"—

repose the ashes of his natural daughter, Allegra. A score of years after his school-days were ended he wrote from Italy to his friend and publisher, Murray, describing this beloved spot of his youth and his associations with it, and desiring to have the

child's remains entombed here. Perhaps he then thought he would finally return to this place. At the age of five the child had died at the convent of Bagna Cavallo, in the Romagna, where she, despite the protests of her mother (the "Claire" of Shelley's journal and half-sister of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley), had been placed to be educated. Near the font in the old church behind the Peachey tomb, Allegra, the sinless child of sin, reposes beneath the inscription:

"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

At the side of the altar, within the communion rails, Sir Samuel Garth, the poet of "The Dispensary," is interred. The church itself is an object of interest, dating from the time of William the Conqueror, having been founded by Lanfranc and consecrated by Anselm. By reason of its commanding and conspicuous site it has long been called "the visible church."

Here at Harrow began some of the most fervid and enduring friendships of Byron's life, notably that with Lord Clare, which lasted until his death. The stanzas of "Hours of Idleness" commencing, "Friend of my Youth," were addressed to Clare. The early death of John Wingfield, a form-fellow, occasioned the "Epitaph on a Friend" in the same collection. Another poem, written here upon

the old tomb, was applied to the Duke of Dorset, who seems to have stood next to Clare in Byron's affections. On the fly-leaf of one of his school-books the bold, boyish hand of Byron recorded, "Tom Wildman sits on my left hand," and in letters written many years afterward Byron recalls with manifest pleasure their close relations in the forms of Harrow. This same Wildman, a hero of Waterloo and the Peninsular war, purchased and rescued from ruin the bankrupt poet's ancestral Newstead. With another form-fellow, Robert Peel, who was just Byron's age, he was less intimate, but upon one occasion he offered to take half the flogging Peel was enduring from his fag-master. It has been said that, although less proficient in some branches at school, Byron was thought to be superior to Peel in general information.

School tradition says that George Sinclair, the intellectual prodigy of the class, used to write Byron's exercises, and had his battles fought for him in return. The poet preferred "hockey to Horace and 'duck-puddle' to Helicon." It must be confessed that his most brilliant successes at Harrow were pugilistic rather than scholarly; one form-fellow testifies: "I have seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up against the disadvantage of his lameness with all the spirit of an ancient combatant." But his battles were as often

those of younger and weaker boys as his own, and the scene of his exploits, the old "milling-ground," where he fought the bullies of the school, is visited with interest. Despite his lameness, he played a creditable part in athletic sports, and was one of the Harrow eleven in the cricket match with Eton in 1805.

In after years Byron often referred to the latter part of his stay here as being the happiest period of his life, and his grief over his final departure from the school found plaintive expression in his verse. In a note to "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" he wrote, "I hated Harrow until the last year and a half, and then I liked it. I so much disliked leaving Harrow that it broke my rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained." His early unhappiness in the school was largely due to an aversion against his first teacher, Henry Drury, who apparently had good reasons for dissatisfaction with his pupil; for the lad who had been styled "the little deevil Geordie Byron" in Scotland had experienced no change of heart, and the Harrow masters complained of his idleness, negligence, and propensity to make others disregard their employments,— Drury even spoke of him as a blackguard and threatened his expulsion,— yet they recognized his talents, and one of them predicted for him a career as an orator. Byron declined an invitation

(usually deemed a command) to dine with the Head Master, explaining that he "should never think of asking Dr. Butler to dine with *him* at Newstead," and some of his first rhymes were bitter satires upon his teachers.

It was during a Harrow vacation that Byron met and lost his heart to Mary Ann Chaworth,—his "bright star of Annesley," the "Mary" of many poems, "the maiden" of his "Dream,"—and it is presumable that his "ponderings" upon the old tomb were of a different character thereafter, as the many stanzas he there wrote to and about her were inspired by a more perturbing emotion than the boyish friendships and antipathies which had before engaged his muse.

His ill-fated passion for Miss Chaworth colored all his future life, influenced the character and the ineffable beauty of some of his best work, and drew from him those exquisite stanzas which have enshrined her, like Petrarch's Laura, among the heroines of song.

A description of Byron's personal appearance as a Harrow school-boy is of interest. His adult face was undoubtedly one of the handsomest, and it seems to have been assumed that he was, therefore, a handsome lad. Irving avers that, "though boyish in years, he had a countenance of remarkable beauty," and most of the biographers have led us

to infer that the boy bore in his face such indications of beauty and genius that the taste or discernment of Miss Chaworth was somehow at fault, else she would have fancied him despite his "fewer summers." Now this is the manner of boy he was when he essayed to make love to her: ugly, fat, lame, painfully stiff and bashful, inordinately vain and conceited, with manners rough and odd and with speech thickened by a Scottish dialect. Miss Pigot of Southwell, who knew him at the time, says of him: "With his cheeks encased in fat and his hair combed straight over his forehead, he looked such a perfect 'gaby' that I could not forbear to tell him so." She found him "insufferable" and a "horror." It is scarcely surprising that the beautiful and mature heiress of Annesley preferred a gentleman of high social position, culture, and manly accomplishments, like handsome Jack Musters, to this boy. Her choice was the natural and rational one, and resulted by no means so miserably as the world of readers has supposed. During Byron's last year at Harrow the lady married, leaving the poet a prey to "feelings which a fiend might pity."

The present (ninth) Lord Byron, grandnephew of Captain George Byron, the poet's cousin and successor, was a Harrow boy. So, also, was the poet's grandson, the surviving son of Ada Byron,

who inherited a peerage from the poet's widow, and who, a few years since, succeeded to the earldom of Lovelace through the death of Byron's son-in-law.

From the elevation of the old church we overlook the landscape Byron knew so well, embracing great London with its suburbs, much of five of England's populous counties, and many miles of the course of the Thames curving among green meadows and plantations. Southward and eastward we behold the spires of the metropolis, the stately dome of its cathedral, the palatial towers of Westminster, the sparkling roofs of the Crystal Palace, and an expanse of beautiful country, diversified with parks, villages, and picturesque seats, extending to the wavelike line of Surrey hills; westward, near the verge of the horizon, rise the battlemented towers of Windsor, and away to the north stretch ranges of verdure-clad hills.

Other indicated objects interest us more: the ancient mansion in which Wolsey lived when rector of Harrow; the "ivy-mantled tower" of Stoke Pogis church, which shadows the tomb of Gray and the country churchyard that inspired his "Elegy"; the village church where Handel was once organist, and the smithy, whose anvil-music suggested to him the idea of his "Harmonious Blacksmith"; the grammar-school on Highgate Hill, beneath which

poor Coleridge now sleeps without the aid of the baneful narcotic which wrought his ruin; the gray tower of Hampstead church, and the Heath where Pope, Goldsmith, Dickens, Thackeray, and Du Maurier walked, and where Keats and Hogarth, Shelley and Leigh Hunt, Johnson and Akenside sometime dwelt.

THE GRAVE OF CHILDE HAROLD

Hucknall-Torkard — Market-place — Ancient Church Tower — Recollections of Byron's Funeral — Perfunctory Ceremonial — The Byron Vault and Contents — The Poet and Ada — Joe Murray — Byron's Monument — His Daughter's — Notable Visitors — La Guiccioli, etc.

MANY of our literary rambles have been in the track of the Pilgrim-poet: from his birthplace in London and other spots connected with his career in that metropolis, from the baronial "hall of his fathers" and the loved haunts of his youth, we have followed the devious course of his wanderings over half a continent, to many a place that was a scene of his life and a theme of his song.[1] From these we turn to trace

> "the Pilgrim to the scene
> Which is his last,"

to end our Byron pilgrimage and doff our "sandal-shoon" and "scallop-shell" at his grave.

Two miles southward from Byron's ancestral Newstead, and as far from the fair abode of Mary Ann Chaworth, his "bright morning star of Annesley," is Hucknall-Torkard, a dull, straggling

[1] See "A Literary Pilgrimage."

town, which the Count Gamba, Byron's companion in arms, once thought resembled the rude Grecian village in which the poet died. In the ancient parish church, dedicated long centuries ago to St. Mary Magdalene, lies the mortal part of the immortal author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The square, gray church tower rises from an inclosure which the lapsing centuries have thickly strewn with graves. Quaint mementos of affection and grief, old gravestones and monuments all aslant and awry, crowd each other even to the wall which divides this God's Acre from the noisy market-place of the colliery town.

Through a wicket in the wall we escape, by a single step, from the turbulent scene without, into the retreat of those who have finished their course and for whom life's fever is forever past. But the discordant cries of marketmen and the chaffering of the rough collier and the female of his kind about the defects of the wares exposed upon the stalls come to our ears as we sit among the dead, and follow us into the sacred fane whose chancel abuts upon the public mart.

Some portions of the church have been restored and beautified since the poet was interred here, the chancel has been widened somewhat and transepts erected between it and the nave, but the Byron vault has not been disturbed, the western end of

the edifice remains unchanged, and the superb Norman tower,— for which has been claimed an antiquity of eight centuries,— with its massive walls and little spires, its stone battlements and mullioned windows, is dark and grim with age. Its fine proportions and the air of stately dignity which age has imparted would, in any situation, make it an impressive structure, but the low roofs which adjoin it and the general meanness of its environment render it doubly imposing here. We think it even beautiful this summer afternoon as the sunshine gleams aslant through its windows and adown its fissured and weather-stained walls, while we contemplate it from our seat among the crumbling gravestones.

Once, years ago, as we rested here upon the turf, sketching the picturesque old tower, we were accosted by an aged and solemn-visaged personage, whose sedate manner disposed us to temporary belief, and who had much to tell about Byron and his family. He gravely assured us that Bryon's daughter, Lady Lovelace, had a club-foot precisely like her father's, and that the poet sent to Lady Byron the poem beginning with the lines,

> "Fare thee well! and if forever,
> Still forever, fare thee well,"

inclosed in a grocer's bill upon the margin of which he had written: "Please look over this bill

—I don't think we had so much cheese." This, our informant explained, he told upon the authority of one who had seen both the papers. Other statements of his, however, concerning matters of which he had personal knowledge, we were subsequently able to verify. He had assisted in preparing the vault for the reception of the body of Byron, and was the last person to enter it before the coffin was deposited there. The vault then contained many detached skulls and bones of ancient Byrons, and, along one side of it, fifteen or more lead coffins were piled upon each other until the lowermost were flattened and bent out of shape by the weight of those above. They had been corded up in this manner to clear a space so that the poet and his mother could be placed side by side. This old man had also witnessed the approach of Byron's funeral train from Nottingham. It consisted of eleven carriages, the only one of them belonging to the local gentry being that of Colonel Wildman, the then owner of Newstead, who had been the poet's form-fellow at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The octogenarian remembered that the little church was not filled at Byron's funeral. Few of the best families of the vicinage were represented, and, besides the poet's intimate friend Lord Hobhouse, his solicitor Hanson, the devoted Fletcher, and the servant Tita, who had attended the body

from Greece, the assemblage was mostly composed of the hired attendants and of the idle and curious persons of the lower class of the town who were attracted by the spectacle. It was afterward a matter of local comment that the officiating clergyman read the burial service in a perfunctory manner, and this was explained by the supposition that he "felt himself disgraced by having to bury an atheist."

Entrance to the church is through a picturesque porch of ponderous timbers, beneath which is an arched doorway and a heavy studded oaken door with massive locks. We are permitted to enter alone. Traversing the aisle, we approach the chancel and stand with bared heads above the ashes of Byron. A slab of colored marble, sent by the King of his beloved Greece,— the land whose praises he chanted and for whose liberty he gave his life,— is set in the floor within the chancel, just at the top of the second step, to mark the spot beneath which he is laid. The stone is inlaid with a circlet of brass laurel leaves which inclose the word Byron. As we stand above the spot, the rich light from one of the Gothic stained windows streams in upon the name and seems to glorify it.

There can be no doubt that the poet once expected to be buried beside the dog Boatswain in the old Abbey garden at Newstead. His will,

made in 1811, contained explicit directions to that end, and in the course of some repairs made some years ago to the foundations of the dog's monument, it was discovered that Byron had made careful preparation for his own entombment there —even the stone slab and trestles, upon which his body was to lie, between his dog and his valet, were found in place within a spacious vault of dressed stone. But the sale of Newstead in 1818 terminated this plan. In a minor poem, written prior to the misanthropic determination to be buried with his dog, Byron plaintively breathes the wish that his dust may at last mingle with that of his mother; accordingly, after the authorities of Westminster had refused him sepulture, this humble temple and the ancient tomb of his family received him, and here, after the stress of his fevered life, he sleeps

"The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead."

About him repose the moldering remains of many generations of his line, and it is believed that there is an older vault beneath in which still more ancient Byrons are entombed. Ponderous flagstones have long closed the entrance to the poet's vault, but the sacristan had been within it to assist at the entombment of Ada Byron, and found it to be of considerable size. In the center Byron's

coffin, covered with plain black velvet, rests upon a bench of stone three feet in height, and on the floor at his feet is a frail receptacle holding his heart and brain, which were removed at the autopsy.

After Byron's interment it was rumored that the heart was not here, that the Greeks had retained it, and bore the casket containing the precious relic into their battles as the Jews carried the Ark. A narrative of one of their revolutionary conflicts avers that, in their hurried retreat before the victorious Turks, they lost the casket in a fen. The coffin of his mother lies upon the right of the poet, on a spot which he selected and prepared, and that of his daughter Ada is upon his left. From her death-bed she wrote to Colonel Wildman to entreat that her body might be removed to Newstead, and thence taken to be deposited beside that of her illustrious parent. Accordingly, her remains lay for several days, covered with a pall of purple velvet, in the princely drawing-room of the Abbey — the room which had sometime been the refectory of the monks, and the hay-loft of the poet's predecessor, "the wicked Lord Byron." Ada's widowed husband, who for forty-two years survived her, was but a few years ago laid in his own family burial-place in Kent.

Not far from the poet sleeps his faithful valet,

by admiring friends at a time when an apoplexy had disabled her for the physical tasks by which she had maintained her household. The same accident so diminished her literary productiveness that comparatively few of her tender and graceful poems were written in her present abode. In a poorer part of the city, a mile southward from the "pillared sign" of Gilder's "Battle Monument,"— the monument which her own poem of "The Men of '76" helped to rear,— we find the humble dwelling that is most intimately associated with her literary career. It is one of a row of similar cheap two-storied wooden tenements, standing beside the railway on Bridge Street near Union.

When first we visited this house, a painted sign (now in possession of Mr. Gilder) was attached to the boards beside the door and displayed the words, "Chairs Caned Here," and in the low-ceiled, scantily furnished front room we found a weary-faced woman — "in calico garment and rough twisted hair" — toiling at the task which provided bread for a family of seven. To this room came Julia Ward Howe on the visit referred to in her poem "To C. H.," and here before the low fire —"the scanty rag-carpet sufficing her feet" — she talked of the queendom of this humbler sister of song. Hither, too, came Richard Watson Gilder and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the erst-renowned poet of "The Sinless Child."

subject of the cruel but ephemeral "Byron Scandal" of an American authoress. The stone is simple and cheap compared with some monuments set in these walls to commemorate thrifty villagers unheard of outside the parish. By Byron's tablet we once saw a chaplet of faded laurel, lovingly placed by our "Bard of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller, and a wreath said to have been sent by Byron's granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, author of some charming books of travel and wife of the daring explorer Wilfred S. Blunt, whose book of "Sonnets" was largely written while he was suffering imprisonment for his zealous espousal of the cause of Home Rule for Ireland. Here, too, was preserved a piece of embroidery representing the Byron coat of arms, which lay upon the poet's coffin at the funeral. For years it hung loosely tacked on the wall, and Curtis Jackson, a rector sometime incumbent here, caused its removal and, as he supposed, its destruction. We owe its preservation to the broader sympathies of the sexton who concealed it in his cottage near the churchyard. The sable hangings which draped the pulpit at Byron's funeral are said to have been torn down and stolen a few days after the ceremony.

Byron's Ada, "sole daughter of his house and heart," is commemorated by a smaller tablet set in the wall near his own and surmounted by an

armorial device. The inscription shows that she and her father died at the same early age of thirty-six.

Page 54 of the dilapidated old parish register contains the record of the poet's burial;

"*Name*, George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron;
Abode, Died at Missolonghi in Western Greece, Apr. 19, 1824;
Buried, 16th of July;
Age, Thirty-six;
Ceremony performed by Rev. Charles Nixon."

Another page records that Ada died November 17, 1852, at No. 69 Cumberland Place, London, and was interred here December 3, the burial service being conducted by the bigot who ordered the destruction of the armorial memento of her father. A worn parchment copy of the inscription upon the coffin of the poet's mother, "The Honorable Catherine Gordon Byron," has been preserved here. It recites that she was a "lineal descendant of the Earl of Huntley and Lady Jean Stuart, daughter of King James the First, of Scotland. Died in the forty-sixth year of her age, August first, 1811."

For centuries this was the chapel of the Byrons and the site of their ancient square pew is yet pointed out. The oldest memorial we observed

upon the walls is that of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great Beard," whose portrait we had seen at the Abbey.

The tomb of Byron is not, like Shakspere's, a popular place of pilgrimage. Visitors to this shrine have ever been few, and even his own family and personal friends strangely neglected it. The cousin who inherited Byron's title "never saw or sought his grave"; the daughter of his house and heart and the adored sister who enjoyed his fortune came but once; his wife, the mother of his child, came not at all.

Not many years ago the visits of his sister and daughter were yet remembered by a few residents of the neighborhood. Mrs. Leigh was described as having little pretension to personal beauty; but her face, saddened by the misconduct of a son, habitually wore an expression of gentleness and amiability which more than atoned for its plainness. Ada Byron's visit was made but a year or two before her own death; she passed a few days with Colonel Wildman at the Abbey, and was remembered by those who saw her here as bearing little resemblance in feature to her father. She was said to have been habitually abstracted and often gloomy in manner, was rather unattractive of face and so careless of her dress and personal adornment that it was remarked that her maid seemed more "genteelly"

attired than herself. The sexton once told an American tourist that Ada seemed distrait when she visited her father's tomb; she deported herself most strangely, glanced for a moment at the pavement above the vault, inquired "which way his head lay," and then hurried away without another word.

Very different was the demeanor of another visitor who, years afterward, came to this place: she was an elderly lady of distinguished appearance and great personal charm, who spoke with a foreign accent and was afterward ascertained to be the Guiccioli, Byron's famous Italian enchantress. She came with liveried servants and splendid equipage, and begged to be left alone in the church. The sexton, reëntering an hour later, found her greatly agitated and disheveled, kneeling with streaming eyes upon the stones which cover the dust of the lover for whom she had gladly sacrificed her reputation forty years before. At the time of her visit she was the widow of De Boissy, and was engaged upon her "Recollections" of Byron, the book which was the provoking cause of the publication of Mrs. Stowe's "True Story of Lady Byron's Life."

As we stand at the poet's tomb we reflect that the gifted being, whose ashes are under our feet, sacrificed his life in an heroic endeavor to further

a righteous cause, and that when he broke away from all his insincere course to devote himself to the redemption of Greece, Lady Byron believed she saw an answer to her prayers, and that "the angel in him" at last stood revealed. Was he unworthy of sepulture in Westminster? Then he was equally unfit for burial here. This sacred fane had no kingly monuments, no gilded chapels, no architectural splendors, no imposing displays of princely or priestly pageantry; it was of the smallest and simplest, its walls were plain and somber, but it was as holy as Westminster, and it should have been held as sacred against the "profanation."

We are content to find Byron entombed with his kindred, beside the few he truly loved, amid the scenes he once inhabited, and to believe that in long years to come an increasing number of the myriads his poetry enriches and delights will fare to this place as to a shrine, and that the fame of him who reposes here will endure when the many base and sordid whose memorials encumber the walls of England's national mausoleum have sunk into merited and merciful oblivion.

THE AYRSHIRE BURNSLAND

Shrines by the Way — Old Ayr — Tam o' Shanter Inn — Alloway Cottage — Relics — Haunted Kirk — Brig o' Doon — Mount Oliphant — Lochlea — Tarbolton — Homes of Bonnie Jean and Mary Morison — Poosie Nansie's — Hamilton's — Churchyard of Holy Fair — Mossgiel — Scenes of Poems — Shanter Farm.

EARLIER jaunts have been through the Nithsdale haunts of the ploughman-bard, or have led us to scenes of the brief life of his "Highland Mary," and left us at her grave by the busy Clyde.[1] Strolling southward now from Glasgow, birthplace of Campbell and burial-place of Motherwell and Edward Irving, we linger in places where poor Tannahill toiled and sang, we seek the village where was born the hero of Jane Porter's romance, and reach, a way beyond, the crescentic sweep of shining beach which borders Ayrshire's seaward side. Here is Irvine, where the poet Montgomery was born, and where Burns, the song laureate of the world, early essayed to establish a business in flax, a venture abruptly terminated by a fire that destroyed the shop during a New Year carousal and left him "like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."

Following the curving coast, with the peaks of Arran in view across the mountain-bound Firth on

[1] See "A Literary Pilgrimage."

our right and the rock of Ailsa rising out of the sea before us, we come to Ayr, the capital town of that bonnie region that has been forever consecrated by the life and genius of Burns. The bard knew well this "ancient brugh." In passionate life he often walked these olden thoroughfares, his eyes often beheld the quaint gray-gabled houses yet standing in some of the streets. In Ayr he lived and studied for a little time with Murdoch; here he attended the same market, at the end of the "Auld Brig," to which his own Tam o' Shanter repaired, and he doubtless often drank in the same dingy tavern on the high street. The "Brigs of Ayr" still arch the river; the "drowsy Dungeon clock" of the poem numbers the hours in a modern Wallace Tower hard by, and not far away in the same street we find the inn where Tam and Souter Johnny "got fou' thegither." It is a plain little two-storied fabric with plastered walls and sanded floors; in a dusky low-studded upper room, reached by a narrow stairway, we see the large fireplace before which Tam and his drouthy crony sat "bousing at the nappy" on one eventful night, and here we were once privileged to sip our ale from the self-same "caup"—a hardwood mug encircled with silver—which Tam too often drained. Ayr's old churchyard holds the moldering tomb of Robert Aiken, the "honor'd, much

respected friend" to whom Burns inscribed his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and near by sleep the doctors McGill and Dalrymple, who are celebrated in "The Kirk's Alarm." Carmichael Smith, the Colonel Newcome of Thackeray's tale, is buried in the Episcopal church, and a memorial brass is there erected by Thackeray's daughter, inscribed with a quotation from "The Newcomes."

Our road to Alloway is the one along which Tam o' Shanter made his memorable ride "thro' dub and mire." It lies between low walls or fragrant hedgerows, shaded here and there by overhanging trees; in places it has been straightened since Tam's time, but we may still see his "meikle stane" and the ford

"Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd,"

and a short distance beyond we reach the rude roadside cottage in which was born to lowly life one who has enriched the world with his marvelous song. This thatched, clay-built hut, the fancied scene of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," was constructed by the hands of Burns's father, the "toil-worn cotter" of the poem, and so unskilfully that part of a gable fell one tempestuous winter night, ten days after "Love's sweetest bard was born," and mother and babe were carried for shelter to the cottage on the opposite side

of the street, where Murdoch subsequently taught the school which Burns and his brother attended.

Newer apartments have been added to the birthplace, and the two original rooms have more windows than Burns knew, but this rude stone floor is the same his infant feet pressed, the recess in that side wall holds the narrow bed in which he was born, through yonder tiny window first fell for him the light of heaven, beside the wide fireplace in this nearer wall he played as a child, and around it, in the maturity of his imagination, he grouped the "priest-like father" and the homely family circle in one of the most exquisitely impressive scenes that poetry ever portrayed.

Among the authenticated relics here preserved are the Afton manuscript book with sixty-eight pages of Burns's handwriting, including the draft of "Tam o' Shanter," his Edinburgh commonplace book, manuscripts of the songs "Lord Gregory" and "Craigieburn Wood," a leaf from his excise book, a lease containing the signature of the "priest-like father" and conveying to him the field in which he built this cottage. Here also we see the table and candlesticks from the poor home in which Burns died, the toddy-ladle and wooden plate used by him at Nanse Tinnock's, the chairs in which Tam o' Shanter and the souter sat to drink in the tavern at Ayr, and a chair made from the ma-

terials of the press on which the first edition of Burns's poems was printed. These precious mementos are reverently gazed upon by thousands of pilgrims, who bring to the lowly cottage from every quarter of the world their tribute of love and tears.

The cottage is held by a board of trustees, and is in charge of a courteous custodian who fills the place of one of the heroes of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," whom we found here years ago. A dwelling for the caretaker has recently been erected at some distance, and the removal of the modern structures which adjoin the cottage is projected in order to isolate that precious tenement and to restore it as nearly as possible to the condition in which it was when it sheltered the germ of the brightest genius of his time.

The crumbling walls of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" are just beyond the birthplace. By the entrance to the churchyard is the grave of Burns's father, whose epitaph was written by the bard, and of his youngest sister, and a few steps back of this rises the roofless ruin, with its gray, weather-worn walls, its steep gables, and quaint little belfry. The kirk is disappointingly small,—Hawthorne once measured it and found it not more than seventeen of his paces in length and ten in width,—but, small as it is, the genius of the lad who lived within

sound of its bell has rendered it more famous than the grandest temple on the globe. The window through which Tam watched the gambols of "Cutty-sark" and the rest has been filled up, but we may yet see the "winnock-bunker" where sat "auld Nick in shape of beast" to pipe for the the dancers. Many graves crowd the old churchyard, and some are even obtruded into the ivied interior of the ruin and strew the sward where aforetime the witches danced.

The half-furlong of now disused road, over which Meg and Nannie made the race so full of peril for poor Tam, brings us to the ancient, ivy-grown bridge of Doon. For four centuries its vaulting graystone arch, as light and graceful of effect as a cloud-wreath, has spanned the storied stream. From the "key-stane," where Meg lost her tail, we see a reach of the river upbearing upon its bosom trailing boughs, murmuring its content beneath arching trees; and, upon either side, the "bonnie banks and braes" the poet sang, clothed now in verdure of leaf and blade and gemmed with summer flowers that bloom as fair as when Burns wandered here, a barefoot boy, and "pu'd the gowans fine."

The costly and incongruous monument which rises from the banks of Doon might well be passed in silence did not the chamber in its pedestal con-

tain objects which must stir the heart of every pilgrim in Burnsland. Here is the ring with which Burns wed his "Bonnie Jean," removed from her finger fifty years afterward when she was dressed for her coffin, and other rings containing hair from the poet's dark locks; here are the cheap, poorly printed volumes of the Bible which he gave to "Highland Mary" at their betrothal, with a tress of her shining hair attached to one, and with a text designed to emphasize their vows written by his hand in each volume and signed, "Robert Burns, Mossgiel"; here are wine-glasses presented by his "Clarinda," and other objects of minor interest. The eminence of the monument overlooks a landscape of surpassing beauty pervaded by the spirit and memory of Burns: at our feet glides his "Bonnie Doon"; hard by we see the cottage of his birth, the graves of his kindred, the haunts of his boyhood, the scenes of much of his best and sweetest verse; outspread before us is a sweep of verdant hills and meadowy holms, of deep woodlands and orchards, and the upland fields where his young hands toiled to help his father to pay the rent.

A mile or so farther we find, above the braes of Doon, the farm of Mount Oliphant, to which the Burns family removed from Alloway when the future bard was seven years old. Here he passed ten years of life, some of them hard and monoto-

nous, uniting "the cheerless gloom of a hermit and the unceasing toil of a galley-slave"; and here, also, he began to exercise that divine gift of song which was destined, despite the pathetic limitations of his condition and the faults of his life, to bend all hearts to his sway.

The poor farmsteading of Burns's time has been replaced by the present more attractive buildings, and of the quondam whitewashed tenement hardly a vestige remains; a few great trees that he knew cast their shade upon the newer dwelling, and an old hedge which borders the yard is said to be a survivor of his day. About the house we see bleak fields he once tilled, where first he "held a yoking at the plough," and where among the golden harvest grain he found his first sweetheart, whom he celebrated in his "Handsome Nell," for his earliest as well as his latest poem was inspired by a lass. As we walk across the fields where he made love to the blacksmith's bewitching daughter we have in view an entrancing prospect which often blessed the vision of the bard: the course of the Doon through dark woodlands and open glades; a pastoral of green fields, copses, and gardens; the spires of "Auld Ayr" on the shore; the misty heights of far Arran and a great expanse of shimmering sea.

Lochlea farm, which became the home of the

family when driven from Mount Oliphant by the rapacity of the pitiless factor whose character Burns depicted in the "Tale of Twa Dogs," is reached by a longer jaunt. It is an undulating tract of above a hundred acres, manifestly more fertile now than in the days when the elder Burns was here weighed to earth by work and worry in a struggle which ended only with his death. Once we saw here a lintel and some fragments from the barn that Burns used, but no part of the cluster of old buildings is now standing. From the door of the present dwelling we see men ploughing and cattle feeding in the fields hallowed by the toil of the bard, where the spirit of poetry attended him in the cart or walked with him behind the plough. Not far from the end of the house is a large tree beneath which, as Burns's niece told this writer, the poet, reclining after a noon-day meal, penned the song "Now Westlin Winds" to Peggy Thomson, the second of his long procession of poetic heroines; in the rye-grass field adjoining the house occurred the misadventure of his pet ewe upon which he founded the poem of "Poor Maillie," composed while he ploughed in the next field. At Lochlea, too, he wrote "John Barleycorn," the dirge on "Winter," and the song "On Cessnock Banks." The last celebrated the charms of Ellison Begbie, a servant in a family of the neighborhood, whom Burns

vainly wooed, and to whom the first four of his published letters were addressed.

By the road, Tarbolton would be two or three miles distant from Lochlea, but we find a shorter way through the fields — a way doubtless often traced by Robin on his nightly walks to the village to attend the dancing-school, the Masonic lodge, or the Bachelors' Club, or to make love to sundry of "The Lasses of Tarbolton," whom he lauded in his songs. The village is unattractive: among the houses which closely line the narrow, curving streets are a few of modern construction, but more are low and dingy old fabrics of stone or stucco, with an air suggestive of uncleanliness.

One little, low-eaved old edifice, with grim walls of stone and sloping roof of thatch, standing at a corner of the street, once housed the Masonic lodge into which Burns was introduced by the John Rankine to whom three of his poems were addressed; in this poor place the poet was a regular attendant at the meetings of the fraternity, here he oft "presided o'er the sons of light," and the chair in which he sat and articles of regalia used by him are carefully preserved in the present more sumptuous quarters of the lodge. In this old hut Burns read to his fellow-craftsmen "The Farewell," written when he was about to emigrate to Jamaica, and it was some ostentatious affectation of medical

knowledge displayed by the village pedagogue (John Wilson) in a meeting here that inspired the grotesque "Death and Doctor Hornbook," which the bard meditated as he walked home from the lodge.

Wilson's house, opposite the parish church, has long since disappeared; the scene of the bard's encounter with Death, as described in the poetic lampoon, is still found a little way beyond the village, where some rocks by the roadside are shown as the place where the pair rested, while Death bewailed the ready art of his rival Doctor Hornbook. Hard by, on the same descending piece of road, is the "Willie's mill" of the poem,— sometime occupied by Burns's friend William Muir,— a long, rambling structure, of various heights and dimensions, standing near a water whose power is now superseded by steam in driving the mill's machinery.

By the sylvan banks of the Faile we come to Coilsfield,[1] where Burns knew and loved "Highland Mary," and eastward a pleasant jaunt leads us to the village of Mauchline, which abounds with memories of the most fruitful period of Burns's life. In the Cowgate we find the place of the poor thatched abode of the stonemason James Armour, in which was born and reared the dark-eyed

[1] Described in "A Literary Pilgrimage."

daughter who became Burns's wife, and who, as "Bonnie Jean," is immortalized in several of his sweetest songs, and the site of the grass-plat where the acquaintance between the poet and the winsome lass began with some sportive banter anent his dog, which had run across the linen she was spreading to bleach. A brick tenement now replaces the ancient tavern of John Dove,— the "Johnnie Pidgeon" of Burns's "Epitaph" and the "John Dow" of his "Epistle to John Kennedy,"— to which the poet often resorted during his residence at Mossgiel, for he "loved a glass almost as well as a lass"; but upon a near corner is Poosie Nansie's alehouse, where Burns beheld the splore of "The Jolly Beggars" that suggested to him the famous cantata which Allan Cunningham deemed the greatest of its kind in the language. The house is a two-storied stone structure with steep roofs, a chimney rises above either sharp gable, and the end facing the street corner bears a legend which sets forth the pretensions of this old howff. Within its walls this writer once found a modern "Jolly Beggars' Club"— a branch of the Burns Federation —in session, and, lounging about the place, a poor and seedy grandnephew of "Bonnie Jean," who, among other unsuccessful ventures, had tried the healing art in America. He appeared half ashamed of his relationship to Burns's heroine, but the pros-

pect of a fee induced him to pilot us to the places which had been associated with her life in the village.

One of these was the cheerless low-studded chamber, with its poor bed set in the wall, on the upper floor of a dismal stone tenement opposite Nanse Tinnock's, in which Jean began her checkered married life with Burns, through all of which, as she has testified, he "lo'ed her well and never said a misbehadden word to her in a' his days."

The residence of Gavin Hamilton, Burns's landlord and attached friend, was the ivy-shaded edifice of tooled stone standing near the churchyard and adjoining the ancient abbey ruin. Some time ago we saw the gloomy rooms inhabited by the widow of Hamilton's son,—the wee lad mentioned in Burns's "Dedication,"—who showed us the bare apartment where Hamilton married the poet to Jean, and where Burns, to win a wager, wrote the stinging satire of "The Calf" within a half-hour after he had heard a sermon by one James Steven from the text in Malachi, iv, 2. In this house "Highland Mary" was for a time a domestic, and here Burns's mother saw and loved her. Burns was here a frequent guest, welcomed by Hamilton, whose friendship was one of the most important circumstances of the poet's life. Hamilton—celebrated by Burns in the "Epitaph,"

the "Dedication," and the rhyming "Epistle"— was being persecuted by the kirk for non-observance of some of its ordinances, and it was the poet's sympathy for his friend that partly prompted the poignant lampoons, like "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Twa Herds," and "The Holy Fair," which Burns produced at that time, and which he read aloud to Hamilton in this old office-room where we have been sitting.

By the top of one street stands another object of pilgrimage: it is the grim two-storied, hip-roofed old house at the corner, standing close upon the sidewalk, to which low steps descend from the humble doorway. Its surroundings are sordid, its rooms are few and mean, yet we visit it more than once, for it was the home of the "lovely Mary Morison" whom Burns sang in what Hazlitt believed to be the best of his love-songs, "O Mary, at Thy Window Be." Mary's window still commands the stretch of village street by which her poet-lover would approach.

"Auld Nanse Tinnock's" hostelry, which Burns mentioned in "The Earnest Cry and Prayer," and where he sometimes "studied politics over a glass of guid Scotch drink," is at the border of the churchyard on the way along which he would come from Mossgiel. It is a dingy-looking, weather-beaten building of ancient masonry, whose

rooms can never have been bright and lightsome with the many gravestones looking in through the dusty casements. A back door opening into the churchyard in Burns's day served the convenience of the worshipers, who, as described in "The Holy Fair," flocked into this change-house to regale themselves with cakes and ale in the interval between the Sunday services.

A more sightly church has replaced the ungainly edifice in which Burns listened to weekly expositions of the fierce and bigoted Presbyterianism which in that place and time represented Christianity, from the lips of the "Daddy Auld" of his "Kirk's Alarm," and where he stood in his seat to be publicly rebuked by that preacher for his misdoing with Jean. The old churchyard is the scene of the witty "Holy Fair." Among the dead who fill it now are some whose memories have been made famous or infamous by the muse of Burns. Just at the end of the church sleep the family of Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the lady to whom he addressed that beautiful lyric, "The Lass o' Ballochmyle." An obscure corner holds the grave of "Daddy Auld," and, not far away, a slab, from which the inscription has crumbled, marks the resting-place of the pharisaical elder William Fisher, whom, as "Holy Willie," Burns excoriated in his most pitiless satire. Here, too, in

the grave with her father, lies the poet's Mary Morison, beneath a quaint old headstone whose inscription shows that she died at the early age of twenty, four years after he had so sweetly sung her praises. A simple railing of iron incloses the burial-place of the Armours—"Bonnie Jean's" family. With them molder the ashes of Burns's infant children; Nanse Tinnock and "racer Jess" of "The Holy Fair" are buried near, and Gavin Hamilton sleeps in a grave which is unmarked by any memorial that might have borne the "Epitaph" written by his friend.

By a short stroll northward along the highway in which Burns met his inspirer, Fun, on the morning of the "Holy Fair," we approach Mossgiel, the abode of the bard during some of his most eventful and poetically productive years. The farm lies upon an elevation which overlooks an extent of beautiful country bounded by distant green hills. The dwelling, which stands well back from the highway, is a more comfortable and commodious successor to the poor "but an' ben" which Burns inhabited. A few years since we met in the vicinage the man who, three decades before, rebuilt the cottage, and who pointed out portions of the old walls that were retained, and indicated that the shape and extent of the original rooms remained the same, and that the location of

their windows was unchanged. Other rooms are now joined to these, and Burns's garret — so low that he could not stand upright beneath the sloping thatch, lighted only by four gloomy little panes, and reached by a trap-door from the "ben" below — is succeeded by a comfortable chamber beneath a roof of slate. In that wretched attic Burns slept, sharing his couch with his brother Gilbert or the ploughboy John Blane, and there, upon a little deal table under the window, he penned immortal poems that are read and known of all the world. We will the better appreciate the force and character of Burns's genius if we realize something of this depressing environment and of the squalid hindrances amid which that genius was developed and out of which it broke forth like a newly risen sun.

Reminders of the bard are here : the tall hedge of hawthorn that screens the cottage was partly planted by his hands; the wide-spreading trees that tower above the roofs shade his accustomed resting-place in fervent noon-day hours; it was while weeding in the garden inclosure that he completed and recited to Gilbert the wonderful "Epistle to Davie"; in this field behind the house he ploughed up the nest of the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous" mouse, and composed the poem which that event called forth ; in the next field his plough

turned under "The Mountain Daisy" of his verse; on yonder sightly ridge he walked with his brother while he first rehearsed his masterpiece, "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; every rod of these broad acres has felt the pressure of his foot as he followed his plough or reaped his scanty sheaves, gathering meanwhile more opulent harvests of song; in every direction are views whose spirit is reflected in his tender lines, objects which supplied the reflective imagery of his lyrics, beloved scenes of his labor or leisure, where we linger with a thrilling sense of nearness to him.

At Mossgiel were written, besides the poems already mentioned, "Halloween," "Jolly Beggars," "Man Was Made to Mourn," "Winter Night," "Twa Dogs," "Address to the Deil," the metrical satires,— most of the numbers of his first published edition which made the whole countryside resound with his praises.

To the Mossgiel period of Burns's life belongs the touching and romantic episode of his association with "Highland Mary," and it was here that tidings came to him of her untimely death, the event which evoked the exquisite poem "To Mary in Heaven." Here he knew the concentrated bitterness of ill-requited drudgery, poverty, and shame, and here he tasted the joys of praise and of instant and unexampled renown: from Mossgiel he set

forth on his journey to Edinburgh, poor and threatened with disgraceful expatriation; to Mossgiel he returned a few months later, relatively rich and the most esteemed of all his countrymen. Interwoven with the lights and shades of his life here was his lasting love for Jean, and it was with her that he left this place for the lovely Nithsdale, where, after a brief period of happiness, the clouds closed over him, never again to be dispelled, but to settle in sable gloom above his sepulcher.

Twelve miles southward, along the shore from Ayr, we come to Kirkoswald, the place of the school where Burns spent his seventeenth summer, and of the cottage next door where lived Peggy Thomson, the inspirer of "Now Westlin Winds," whose charms "overset his trigonometry and set him off at a tangent from the sphere of his studies." In the ancient parish churchyard is the grave of "Tam o' Shanter," and nearer the coast is the Shanter farm where, according to local tradition, the boy Burns — then sojourning with his uncle in this parish — took refuge one night when a storm had driven him and his companions from their fishing on the bay. The goodman (Graeme or Graham) was absent at Ayr market when the storm arose, and had not returned at midnight when the fishermen left his dame (Helen) sulkily waiting for him and predicting that his late home-

comings would end in his being drowned in the Doon or captured by warlocks at Alloway's kirk.

This Carrick shore was the birthplace of Burns's mother; just beyond yonder eastern hills Allan Ramsay and the Admirable Crichton were born; and southward lies ancient Galloway, where — "but," as Kipling would say, "that is another story."

THE ENGLISH LAKELAND AND ITS MANY WRITERS

Jane Eyre—Robert Elsmere—Wilson's Elleray—Hemans—Harriet Martineau—Arnold—Rydal Mount—Nab Cottage—Dove Cottage—Wordsworth and De Quincey—Scenes of "Opium-Eater"—Grasmere Church and Churchyard—Helvellyn—Wordsworth's Birthplace and School—Ruskin's Brantwood—Scenes of Hall Caine's Fiction—Shelley's Cottage—Home of Coleridge and Southey.

OUR tour of the enchanting Lakeland has been designedly delayed so that it might at once complete and conclude one summer's literary rambles in Britain. From the rocks of Craigenputtock, where Carlyle and Emerson "sat and talked of the immortality of the soul"; from Pennine heights, which overlook Scott's "Rokeby," the haunts of Eugene Aram, of the sentimental Sterne, and of the gifted sisters Brontë; from craggy Welsh headlands; from the railways by which we have fared to and from the land of Burns, we have had alluring prospects of the green mountain walls of this delectable region which has been the abode of so many beloved authors.

It is a small district to hold so large a place in the world of letters, but its diminutive area contains every element and variety of perfect scenery,—rugged mountain mass and peaceful vale, rocky ghyll

and flower-fringed stream, wild tarn and placid pool, savage scaur and sunny mead,—and it is to this completeness and diversity that the region owes its place in song and story. These are the charms which have drawn hither the many shining ones whose lives and works have contributed to make every rod of these landscapes classic ground.

We are newly come from the Brontë shrines of Yorkshire, and we make now a little detour to reach that once popular gateway to Lakeland, Kirby Lonsdale,—celebrated by the pencil of Turner and the pen of Ruskin,—in whose neighborhood we find the place of the Lowood Institution of "Jane Eyre." The school building, consisting of an ancient stone-floored structure and of a more modern additment which was subsequently converted into a factory, stood in a gloomy garden a few rods back from a little brook at Cowan Bridge, in a situation which fully warrants the description given in the tale. Of this seminary four of the Brontës were inmates. Here Elizabeth and Maria—the latter being the prototype of the Helen Burns of "Jane Eyre"—contracted mortal maladies, and the sensitive Charlotte witnessed and endured the cruelties and privations which she portrayed in the story, and which clouded her whole life. Casterton Hall, a wooded seat not far distant, was the residence of Rev. William Carus-Wilson, who managed the

school during Miss Brontë's pupilage and is pictured as the despicable Brocklehurst.

Beyond Kendal, where De Quincey sometime edited a newspaper, and where lies the scene of the exploit ascribed to Bertram Risingham in "Rokeby," we dally along Kentdale and find ourselves already within the borders of Lowell's "Wordsworthshire," for it was in vain protest against the intrusion of the railway into this valley that the great Cumbrian bard wrote his sonnet,

"Is then no nook of English ground secure,"

which elicited a poetic rejoinder from his friend Monckton Milnes. The more remote portion of the valley has a newer interest for the literary rambler since the author of "Robert Elsmere" wrought its atmosphere, coloring, and customs into her fiction.

We have our first glimpse of Windermere from Elleray, long the beloved home of Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), whose wondrous diction so perfectly sets forth the beauties of lake and shore. As we stand upon the swelling knoll near Wilson's picturesque cottage, the morning mists, which have hung like a pall over the water, are lifted, and the wealth of Windermere, with its opalescent expanse of water, its framing of foliage, its emerald islands, lies outspread before us. Be-

yond the lake a long line of mist-touched mountains greets our vision — the majestic Coniston Old Man, the serrated summits of the Langsdale pikes, the far ranges of purple fells. This lovely landscape appeals to us as lovers of the muse as well as lovers of nature, for it embraces the objects which inspired the pens of Wilson and of many another bard, and the scenes of Wordsworth's vacation sports described in his "Prelude,"—the poem which George Eliot found "full of material for a daily liturgy."

Elleray is itself rife with endearing memories. To its rambling, rose-covered old cottage, beneath the peerless sycamore, the author of the piquant "Noctes Ambrosianae" brought his young wife for the "never-waning honeymoon"; here his children were born and his best and happiest years were passed; within these shades Scott, Canning, Lockhart, and Hogg were guests; hither the brilliant and bookish "Opium Eater," the gifted Hartley Coleridge, and Wordsworth came often, and, in the halcyon days, lingered long in silvery converse with Wilson, upon the spots our feet are to-day privileged to press.

Strolling northward, we find, upon a wooded height at the right of the highway, the commanding seat of Briery, where Charlotte Brontë was a guest and first met her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell; nearer the lake shore is the little sylvan retreat in which

Mrs. Hemans dwelt for a time, where we may see the chamber which was her study and the embowered garden in which she wrote some of her graceful verse.

Toward Grasmere every step of our progress has its charm. The ways in which we walk have been familiarly trodden by authors whom the world will long remember; every dale and hill is hallowed by some association with their lives; every feature of the landscapes has been celebrated by them in poetry or prose that enriches our literature. Ambleside is now much more than the "little rural town" of Wordsworth's poem; in its suburbs we find, overlooking the Rotha valley from a sunny eminence, Harriet Martineau's home, The Knoll. It is a charming two-storied, bay-windowed villa, mantled with ivy and environed by trees and shrubbery. The sward about the door was planted by her. It is said that after she had long and vainly tried to purchase the turf for this lawn, some cart-loads were thrown over her garden wall one night, with a note attached to a slab of the sod, which read: "To Harriet Martineau — From a lover of her Forest-and-Game-Law tales. (Signed) A Poacher."

The prospect from her home was so beautiful that she sometimes said she "hardly dared to withdraw her eyes from it, for fear it should melt."

In this chosen site she erected her house; here she dwelt for thirty years and wrote once famous books; here she entertained Emerson; and to her here came George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë for the delightful visits recorded in their letters. Miss Martineau is remembered in the neighborhood rather for her active philanthropy and her eccentricities than for her literary productions. We talk with some who recall her peculiarities of costume, her masculine gait, her deafness (for which she sometimes smoked), and the great ear-trumpet she habitually carried, and with which she once successfully defended herself against a bull that attacked her as she crossed his pasturage.

In a green recess just across the valley is Fox How, sometime the abode of Dr. Arnold, the great head master of "Tom Brown's" Rugby, and still inhabited by one of his family. According to an inscription upon its eastern wall, the picturesque gabled cottage was erected by Arnold in 1833. Its chimneys are believed to have been designed by Wordsworth. Its situation is one of surpassing loveliness, and Miss Brontë, who visited the place with Mrs. Gaskell, found "the valley and hills around beautiful as imagination could dream." Here that "apostle of light and sweetness," Matthew Arnold, and his poet-friend Arthur Clough, inspirer of "The Scholar-Gypsy,"

walked and wrote together for weeks at a time, and found in the scenery about them and in the companionship of the bard of Rydal Mount spirit and impulse for works not soon to be forgotten. Nearer the foot of rocky Loughrigg Fell dwells Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet, who cherishes here in his Stepping Stones Cottage many relics and souvenirs of "the water-drinking bard."

Rydal Mount, the home in which Wordsworth lived last and longest, must ever be a goal for the literary rambler in Lakeland. We find it nestled among half-concealing foliage on the rocky slope of Nab Scar, a few rods out of the Grasmere road. The oft-described dwelling has been changed a little since the poet inhabited it: the windows have been enlarged, the interior arrangement has been modified somewhat, and the apartments decorated in more modern fashion; but the form and size of the house are essentially unaltered, it remains the same modest "cottage-like building" that Mrs. Hemans described, and the accredited pilgrim may identify the rooms in which great poems were penned and illustrious visitors were entertained. "Ivy never sere" drapes the low portal and riots upon the weather-worn walls, and on every hand is a profusion of foliage and flowers which, together with its location, renders the place the perfect realization of our ideal of a poet's home.

Much of the loveliness of the spot is of Wordsworth's creation: greensward and garden, terrace and copse, are of his planning and planting, and these remain, with other objects once dear to his vision. The plumy pines still stand guard about the gate; this great ash is yet the haunt of the "tuneful thrush"; here are the "Rydalian Laurels" of his sonnet, some of them reared by him from slips taken by his own hand from the tree planted by Petrarch at Virgil's tomb; yonder is the terrace walk beneath whose archway of foliage the poet paced or sat while he "murmured out many thousands of his verses," and where he recited to Emerson three just completed sonnets on Fingal's Cave.

Behind the house rise the craggy steeps of Nab Scar; in other directions extend glorious views embracing the Grasmere vale, with its embosomed lake; the picturesque Rydal Water, with its foliage-fringed shores and fairy islets; the overhanging Loughrigg Fell; and the Rotha valley away to the azure of Windermere. The abundant beauties of these scenes were the unceasing delight of the poet as well as the inspiration of many of the poems written here with mountain, mere, and vale blessing his sight. Mrs. Wordsworth was wont to say that living amid these landscapes "made one unwilling to die when the time came"; perhaps it was to

detach her affections from this environment that physical vision was gradually withdrawn from her years before her death.

Hither Wordsworth removed in 1813 to escape from the sad associations of the Grasmere rectory, where two of his children had died; and from this home were sent forth "The Excursion," "Evening Ode," "Laodamia," and many poems whose sweetness and beauty fixed the place of the poet among the singers of the age. To Wordsworth here came Emerson, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Ruskin, Martineau, Mrs. Howe, and an endless procession of admirers from many lands; here that erratic genius De Quincey long haunted house and garden; Arnold, Clough, and the genial "Kit North" were at times daily visitants, and poor Hartley Coleridge spent here the most tranquil hours of his unhappy existence. Here Wordsworth dwelt for thirty-seven years of spotless life; here he beatified the marriage of his daughter, the beloved "Dora" of his poems, and mourned her untimely death; here, with the words "Going to Dora" upon his lips, he passed to join

> "The dead yet sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

Here his wife tarried nine years behind him, and breathed out her life in the same chamber which

had witnessed his death; and here now a great-granddaughter of the bard inhabits the home which will be forever associated with the fame and genius of Wordsworth.

A lowly roadside tenement, with vines clambering above its door, stands in a quaint garden by the lakelet a few furlongs from Rydal Mount. This is Nab Cottage, where De Quincey wooed and won his "Electra," Margaret Simpson, and where Hartley Coleridge passed twelve years of the "life of alternating brilliancy and tragedy" which ended here one wintry day of 1849. Poems like "On Prayer," "Prometheus," "Once I was Young and Fancy was my All," and the sonnet on "Homer" were here the fruits of "laal Harley's" melancholy genius. Wordsworth was then a frequent visitor at this cottage, constant in ministrations when the evil habit of its inmate prostrated him and, as foreseen in Wordsworth's poem to "H. C., Six Years Old,"

> "Pain was his guest,
> Lord of his house and hospitality;"

when poor Coleridge lay dying here it was the gray-haired poet laureate who knelt by his bedside to pray and receive the last sacrament with the son of his old friend.

A little way beyond, Grasmerevale holds a tiny

stone dwelling which is the most popular and interesting shrine of pilgrimage in all this region of poetic shades : for us the Dove Cottage is illumined by memories of the sons of genius who have dwelt or sojourned beneath its roof, and its lowly rooms are forever hallowed by the works which have been written within them. Six years before Wordsworth wrote in "The Waggoner,"

> "where the 'Dove and Olive Bough'
> Once hung, a Poet harbors now,
> A simple water-drinking bard,"

this quondam wayside inn had become his habitation ; De Quincey succeeded the poet in a protracted tenancy of the little dwelling ; later it was the abode of a simple cottager, and after various vicissitudes it has now become, through the enthusiasm of some of Wordsworth's admirers, the property of the nation.

To this nest-like retreat in the heart of his native hills Wordsworth came in 1799 with elfin-faced Dorothy, the sister whose life-long love and devotion he sang in his verse. Here for some years they lived alone upon an annual income of eighty pounds, Dorothy doing servant's service in the kitchen, and Wordsworth laboring in the garden, cultivating the vegetables, preparing the fuel, performing rudest tasks with his hands, and pondering

meanwhile the poems which he and Dorothy later put into form to celebrate "the outward life of nature and the inward life of the soul." To the bard in this homelet came, in 1800, "that inspired charity-boy," Coleridge, for the first of his prolonged sojourns, bringing with him the marvelous lad Hartley; next came the gentle "Elia," enticed for once away from his beloved London; and a little later guests like the learned Davy, Southey the blameless, and Scott, "the Wizard of the North," came and went through the humble doorway. Hither, in 1802, Wordsworth brought home Mary Hutchinson to be his wife; here his adored "Dora" was born, as well as the daughter Catherine,—described in his "Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old,"—who became the idol of De Quincey, and whose early death almost crazed with grief that aphelxian dreamer.

It was during his residence in this abode that Wordsworth reached the zenith of his poetic inspiration and power, and produced his highest and best of song: here were begotten Matthew, the Wanderer, the Solitary, the Pastor, the Waggoner, and many another of his characters who, for us, still inhabit the surrounding vales and mountains; here were written "The Prelude," "The Daffodils," "The Recluse," "The Solitary Reaper," the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," most

of the second volume of "Lyrical Ballads,"—poems some of which, in all time to come, will draw men's hearts.

In this house the shy De Quincey made, when a young man of twenty-two, the memorable first visit to Wordsworth, which he so lucidly described, and two years later — the Wordsworths having removed to Allan Bank — Dorothy carpeted and fitted the diminutive Dove Cottage for the bachelor home of De Quincey, who occupied it, with occasional absences, for more than twenty years. He brought with him the baneful opium habit, and here he completely succumbed to the Circean spells of the narcotic. Dove Cottage was the scene of the experiences detailed in "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater,"—his ghastly horrors, his despondency, his tempestuous struggles against the dominion of the fell drug, his partial triumph,—all real passages of his own life. In 1816 he married his "dear M." and brought her to this abode from the adjacent farm, and it was in preparation for his wedding that he "descended suddenly from three hundred and twenty grains of opium per day to forty grains," with the delightful results pictured in the second part of the "Confessions." It was not until 1830 that De Quincey finally relinquished Dove Cottage.

The cozy dwelling has suffered little change, and,

thanks to the care with which the trustees have restored and preserved the place, the literary pilgrim may see house and garden in the same quaint and simple beauty which was familiar to Wordsworth and his friends. It was from this same lowly doorway that De Quincey beheld the Easter Sunday morning vision of his opium dream. The heavy entrance-door still admits to the lower apartment, "half kitchen, half parlor," with fireplace, latticed window, dark woodwork, and stone floor just as Wordsworth knew them. In this room he received many of his callers; here Coleridge sometimes slept; before this fireplace he and Dorothy often sat and talked "of all dear things" till three o'clock in the morning; here, too, De Quincey saw the turbaned Malay whose appearance gave for months an oriental imagery to the opium-eater's dreams.

A narrow stair leads to a dusk, low-ceiled room above, contrived—"a double debt to pay"—as sitting-room and study. Here Wordsworth's three hundred books were shelved in the recess beside the fireplace, and here "The Recluse," "My Daughter Dora," and other poems were dictated to Dorothy, and many more copied and polished from first drafts brought in from the orchard or from farther walks abroad. Here Wordsworth listened to Lamb's letters on the "Lyrical Ballads"; here he

recited to the divine day-dreamer, Coleridge, the earlier books of "The Excursion," and the latter repeatedly read to his friend the second part of "Christabel" as it was in process of composition. This is the room, "populous with books," which De Quincey depicted so vividly in the "Confessions": then his five thousand volumes lined these walls, a fire blazed upon this hearth, a little table held a decanter of ruby-colored laudanum, by which De Quincey sat and sipped and read German metaphysics nearly the whole night through. The lovely young tea-maker of his picture was his wife, who passed in this cottage the greater part of her married life.

The small room adjoining was Wordsworth's bedchamber, later occupied by De Quincey, who, tended by his faithful "Electra," here fought with the phantoms of his waking fancy or was scourged by horror-haunted sleep. The room beneath this was Dorothy Wordsworth's, and, from the landing, steps lead to an addition made by De Quincey to hold his overflow of books. In the principal apartment we find the collection of Wordsworthiana donated by Professor Knight; the gift includes also portraits, manuscripts, and hundreds of letters and relics which are to be here preserved.

Adjoining the cottage is the secluded "plot of orchard-ground," with its abundant foliage and flowers, its precious suggestions, its wealth of poetic

associations ; here wells the poet's spring, here are the trees he planted, the steps he cut, the spaces he tilled, the "rock seat" prepared for him by Coleridge's loving hands. This is the

"Sweet orchard-garden eminently fair,"

sung with varying phrase in many of his stanzas; and, as we rest here, we interweave with its shades memories of "The Sparrow's Nest," "The Daisy," "The Cuckoo," "The Butterfly," and other poems produced while Wordsworth worked or walked in this fragrant retreat. Here Coleridge, the "most fascinating talker in England," loitered in converse with Dorothy during long moonlit hours ; here played the child Hartley Coleridge, the "spirit that danced on an aspen leaf"; here Southey read to the little circle his metrical romance "Thalaba"; here De Quincey mused apart in the dim, mystical realm he loved, or charmed his friends with the sweet and subtle flow of his speech.

Dwellings have multiplied about the once secluded cottage, but the environment retains much of its air of repose and its essential features of beauty; we see the same "depth of vale below and height of hills above"; but a few rods from the cottage door lies placid Grasmere, with

"Its own green island and its winding shores"

and farther are the "warm woods," "sunny hills," and "fresh green fields" of which Wordsworth sang in "The Recluse," as lovely now as when they were his daily haunt.

Allan Bank, at the farther end of the crystal mere, was the residence of Wordsworth for three years after his removal from Dove Cottage. During half this term Coleridge shared the home with him and De Quincey was his daily visitor; we may imagine something of the quality of the conversations then heard within that abode. The Grasmere rectory, where Wordsworth dwelt when his children Catherine and Thomas died, has been rebuilt, but the quaint gray old church of "The Excursion," in which he worshiped for half a century, yet uprears its "large and massy pile" from the opposite side of the highway. Within we find the features commemorated in the poem,— the pillars, the hewn timbers "like leafless underboughs," the "admonitory texts" upon the ancient walls,— and, near the place of his pew, is a marble tablet with a portrait of the poet erected by his friends and neighbors "in testimony of their respect, affection, and gratitude."

Within the shadow of the battlemented church-tower is the peaceful God's acre where, lulled by bird and breeze and stream, Wordsworth sleeps amid the scenes over which the glow of his genius has wrapped its light. Near him here lies the Parson

of his "Excursion"; above him sway and murmur the yews he rooted; his beloved Rotha, "singing him its best," glides by the foot of the near wall. With him in the same grave reposes his wife, beside him lie the devoted sister Dorothy and the daughter Dora whose death hastened his own and stopped forever the current of his song.

Here, too, rests Catherine Wordsworth, the child whom De Quincey so passionately loved, and upon whose little grave he often lay the whole night long in intensity of yearning to be near his lost companion. A few feet distant, in a spot selected by Wordsworth and marked now by a cruciform stone, is the sepulcher where the aged poet helped to lay the wasted body of poor Hartley Coleridge one snowy winter day but a few months before his own burial here. Within the same inclosure is the simple cenotaph of one known and loved in America as well as in England — the gifted Arthur Hugh Clough, whose ashes repose in far-away Florence. Loving hands have placed here above his mother's grave a plain slab in his remembrance; upon it are graven lines which Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam" of another Arthur whom he also loved.

Grasmere is a delightful place of summer sojourn whence days of "splendid strolling" in the footsteps of poets and literators make us familiar with

scenes they have haunted and hallowed. One day our way is over "The Kirkstone Pass" of Wordsworth's poem, and by the Brothers' Water where his "Written in March" was composed, to Ullswater (the "Ulfo's lake" of Scott), on whose marge the golden daffodils yet flutter and dance as in the day they inspired Wordsworth's matchless lyric, and to picturesque Aira Force, the scene of his pathetic ballad, "The Somnambulist." Returning, we "climb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" in the track of Scott, Wordsworth, and Davy, and follow that trio to the spot in the bosom of the mountain —

> "A lofty precipice in front,
> A silent tarn below"—

where young Gough perished and his dog kept vigil by his body until discovered by a shepherd three months after the accident. Scott's "Helvellyn" and Wordsworth's "Fidelity" celebrate the faithfulness of the dog, and the place is now marked by a monument erected by Canon Rawnsley and Frances Power Cobbe.

In other days we fare to Hawkshead, where we see the school in which Wordsworth was eight years a pupil, with its old walls and the oaken bench which bears his name carved in boyish characters, the quaint old house where he lodged

with Dame Tyson and wrote his first poems, the church sitting "like a throned lady" above the ancient village, the grassy churchyard upon the slope, and other scenes over which he lingers lovingly in his "Prelude"; or to far Cockermouth, where we find the plain, square, factory-like dwelling in which Wordsworth was born, the garden where he played as a child, and that "tempting playmate," the Derwent, that "blent its murmurs with his nurse's song"; or we trace that once "fairest of all rivers" to Bassenthwaite, upon whose shores Lord Houghton, Fitzgerald (the translator of Omar's "Rubáiyát"), Tennyson, and the sage of Chelsea sojourned with the Speddings. Here Carlyle rested after the completion of his "Frederick the Great," and here Tennyson revised and polished his "Morte D'Arthur."

In one memorable jaunt a poet of our own time is our guide and companion. First to the chapel-yard where was buried Owen Lloyd, the subject of Wordsworth's touching "Epitaph"; farther up the valley we visit the wild Dungeon Ghyll fall, so accurately described in his "Idle Shepherd Boys"; thence — the miles becoming more steep, savage, and solitary as we proceed — we press on to Styhead Pass and climb the rugged acclivities of that monarch of England's mountains, Scafell Pike. We find the reward of our exertions in the magnificent

view which Wordsworth portrayed in some of the best passages of his prose.

Mountains "stern and earthquake-tossed" are about us on every hand; the "battlemented front of Scafell" towers close by, with wild Wastwater at its foot and the classic vale of Wordsworth's "long-loved Duddon"—of which he sang in thirty-four sonnets—just beyond. Farther is the lofty "Black Comb" of his poem, and on the horizon shines the summer sea. In another direction opens the storied Borrowdale and the Great Gable uprears the summit whence Carlyle beheld the mountain prospect he pictured in "Sartor Resartus." Away to the left lies gloomy Ennerdale; the Pillar "rises like a column from the vale" in the mid-distance; and, across a score of tumultuous mountains, we see the shoreland where the poet of "The Faerie Queen" is said to have wooed the "gray-eyed maiden of St. Bees."

By way of the lowly vale of the Blea Tarn and the little stone-floored cottage where dwelt the Solitary of Wordsworth's "Excursion" we walk to the beautiful lakeside retreat of Ruskin. Sometime the abode of the poet Gerald Massey, who was the model for George Eliot's "Felix Holt," Brantwood has also been tenanted by Mrs. Lynn Linton, who here wrote her "Lake Country," and for above a quarter of a century it was famous

as the chosen retirement in which the great author of "Modern Painters" was spending the evening of his pure and passionless life.

Brantwood overlooks Coniston Lake from the eastern shore; its lawns decline to the water-edge; its woods half encircle the house and clothe the steeps behind. The place owes much besides its renown to the ownership of Ruskin: the house was enlarged and embellished by him, the beauties of the grounds are largely of his planning and production, the orchard was planted by his own hands, he laid out and cultivated the near-by garden, his arm felled the trees to open the walks along the wooded hillside. The mansion is a spacious, irregular, two-storied edifice of stucco, mantled by climbing vines; a larch-shaded way leads to the Doric porch that shelters the entrance.

We are permitted to see the principal apartments, with their charming window-vistas and their precious contents,—minerals, manuscripts, coins, curios, and numerous gems of art, including the Turner masterpieces and some of Ruskin's own sketches and drawings,—remaining mostly undisturbed since the master arranged them here. Adjacent to the dining-room is the sanctuary of the place, the flower-decked study,—its bay-window overlooking the lake,—where much of Ruskin's later literary tasks were wrought, whence he sent forth

his last message to the world, and where his body lay in state awaiting burial. Above the study is the chamber in which he died, filled, like the other apartments, with articles of vertu and rare works of art.

His "Praeterita" reveals his enduring love for this neighborhood, which he had visited as a child. The same book describes, in the beloved "Joanna," his cousin Mrs. Arthur Severn, wife of the son of Keats's guardian friend, to whose care Ruskin ascribed "more than life for many and many a year," who long presided over his home and devotedly cherished and tended him in his age and decadence, and who, with her husband, now owns the estate of Brantwood, and, in accordance with the master's will, maintains it in the condition in which it was when he died.

A friend of Ruskin's sits with us upon the master's accustomed seat by the shore, and conducts us up his woodland path to his outlook on the moor, whence we gaze upon the prospect which, during many years, he daily beheld: — Scott's "mighty Helvellyn," Martineau's "dear old Fairfield," and many other minor peaks, the near lake with its sentinel hills, and Coniston Old Man with the sun setting in roseate splendor behind his rugged heights. At the mountain's foot nestles the gray village in whose little churchyard, among his beloved pines

and deodars and close by the graves of the friends to whom were addressed the famous letters of his "Hortus Inclusus," Ruskin sleeps beneath a wreath of his favorite flowers.

His biographer, Collingwood, lives not far from Ruskin's former home, Tennyson stayed for a time a little farther up the lake, and upon the opposite shore is the ancient hall where Sir Philip Sidney was often the guest of the Countess of Pembroke.

Dorothy Wordsworth once walked from Grasmere to Keswick in four hours and twenty-five minutes; at a more leisurely pace we follow her track past "Wythburn's modest house of prayer" (it has been embellished with a bell-tower since Wordsworth described it) to Thirlmere. Beside a pool of Fisher's Ghyll we found a solitary little farmhouse in which Rossetti passed some part of his last year and accomplished his last work. Here, too, he meditated a ballad "illustrative of the serpent fascination of beauty"; and here Hall Caine, who was Rossetti's companion, contemplated writing his first novel and founding it upon a Cumbrian tradition heard from his maternal grandfather.

The region of Caine's early fiction, into which he has woven so much of local dialect and folk-lore, lies around us here at Thirlmere. Wythburn is a central scene of his "Shadow of a Crime," Thirl-

mere is his "Bracken Water" and Shoulthwaite and Fornside are in the vicinage; westward, just beyond Derwentwater, is the drowsy vale of Newlands, the theater of his "A Son of Hagar," where we may see the mines, the place of the Ritson homestead by the base of Eel Crags, of the humbler dwelling of poor Mercy and the charcoal-burner farther up the dale, the summit of the lofty fell where Hugh went to die at daybreak, and other scenes of that exciting tale.

A plain, square two-storied house standing in the midst of a garden and shrubbery by the junction of the Keswick and Threlkeld roads was purchased by Caine from the proceeds of his play "Ben-my-Chree," and was for four years his home. In his study here "The Bondman" was completed and portions of a "Life of Christ" and "The Scapegoat" were written. From Thirlmere we take the longer way by the beautiful vale of St. John, along Scott's "winding brooklet," and through the scenes of his own heart's romance as well as those of his "Bridal of Triermain."

Nearer Keswick is the cottage to which Shelley came in the honeymoon, bearing with him his girl-wife, the Harriet to whom he dedicated "Queen Mab," and whose young life was to end so pitiably. The dwelling has been enlarged and

altered, but we still see the neat little bay-windowed room where Southey and his wife visited the youthful pair, and where Shelley sat to write the tale of "Hubert Cauvin" and many short poems and essays. About the place are trees and flowering shrubs which the Shelleys must have known, and the garden in which they "ran about when they were tired of sitting in the house," as Mrs. Shelley told a visitor, remains, though now considerably diminished.

Looking down from the grassy slopes of Skiddaw, with Keswick at our feet and a measureless expanse of sea, mountains, lakes, and vales greeting our vision, we think rather of the many of the guild of letters who have dwelt or sojourned within this wide horizon. Upon the lofty summit we are subtly conscious of the companionship of starry spirits — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Keats, Rogers, Lockhart, Charles and Mary Lamb, and others whom we may not forget — who have stood where we now stand and have gazed in rapture upon these inspiring landscapes. While we linger here the memory of one incongruous incident *will* intrude itself upon the sober reveries which the place evokes: one night in the summer of 1815, Southey, Wordsworth, and "Rag, Tag, and Bobtail" came to this summit and celebrated the victory at Waterloo by a great bonfire, and many of the

company became hilariously intoxicated because, in the excitement of the occasion, Wordsworth kicked over the water, and the stimulants had to be taken undiluted.

After a morning's exploration of the rugged chasm where "the water comes down at Lodore" far less copiously than Southey's lyric has led us to expect, we visit the old hall which was so long the habitation of that pure-hearted bard. Coleridge first dwelt in Greta Hall, and it was his accounts of the country to his brother-in-law Southey that induced the latter to come and share this house with him. A year after Southey's arrival Coleridge began his wanderings, and soon ceased altogether to return to the place, leaving his family to the care and support of the beneficent Southey.

Here Coleridge wrote the wondrous ode "Dejection" and the second part of "Christabel," and here was born his daughter Sara, one of "the lovely Three" of Wordsworth's "Triad." In 1803 Southey began here the life of scholarly seclusion and unwearied literary labor which was to continue in this place through four decades, and from which proffers of a baronetcy, of a seat in the House of Commons, of a richly salaried editorship failed to allure him.

The hall crowns a green bank beside the murmuring "Greta" of which Wordsworth sang.

Behind it towers massive Skiddaw; about it are ample gardens which slope to the river, and great trees beneath which Southey walked, Coleridge lay and dreamed, and Charles Lamb sometime disported with his "minutest of minute philosophers," the boy Hartley. The house is a square stuccoed edifice of three stories, with a curved extension at either end. Coleridge occupied the rooms at the left of the central entrance, Southey those at the right. On the lower floor we see the dining and breakfast rooms which the poets called "Peter" and "Paul." Above is the great study — so large Southey declared that in it he "at first felt like a cock-robin in an empty church." From its large windows we behold the natural beauties which were the poet's solace and delight, and which he pictured in his "Vision of Judgment" — the flashing lakes, the smiling valley, the billowy mountains "reaching half way to heaven." Here he sat to write much of his poetry and more than thirty volumes of lucid and polished prose, besides hundreds of essays and articles for periodicals; and here, after his mind was clouded, he lingered among his books, fondly patting them or softly turning their leaves when he no longer comprehended their contents.

The smaller room north of this was Coleridge's study, and near by is the chamber in which

Southey's wife, the Edith to whom his "Joan of Arc" and many earlier poems were dedicated, died after the long period of mental unsoundness which drew from Wordsworth the poem "Oh, What a Wreck!" Throughout her sad affliction Southey was her comforter and guardian, and this room, which was the scene of his tender ministrations, witnessed also the final release of his own darkened spirit.

A few furlongs from his home we find in Crossthwaite church the altar-tomb erected in memory of the gentle-hearted Southey. One end bears Wordsworth's touching tribute to his friend, and reclining upon the base, book in hand, is a marble effigy which inadequately represents the personal beauty of the bard whom Byron once called "the best-looking poet he had known." A well-worn path leads through the churchyard to the low slab of slate that indicates the spot Southey chose for his burial. One boisterous March morning, while the white-haired Wordsworth stood in the storm by the grave, the wreck of poor Southey was laid in "the insensate earth" here, beside his wife and children, and here, with giant Skiddaw overlooking his sepulcher, he awaits the resurrection that may restore his genius and power.

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